JOHN BULL

Vol. XI. No. 273 | SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1911. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page II. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"JOHN BULL'S"
Companion Publications.

"MRS. BULL"

A LIVE PAPER FOR LIVE WOMEN.

Published Every Tuesday,

ONE PENNY.

"LOTINGA'S WEEKLY"

A REAL PICTORIAL SPORTING JOURNAL.

Published Every Wednesday.

ONE PENNY.

SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT COUPON.

Available until **AUGUST 30.** See page **305.**

FURNITURE,
—SECONDHAND—
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The following claims have been received for our issues of July 1st and 15th:—

M. J. CROMARTY, 16, Bodley Street, Liverpool. No. 42,158. July 8th.
G. J. C. DICKSON, 14, Logie Green Road, Edinburgh. No. 36,124. July 8th.
JAMES WARD, 30, Maryland Road, Paddington. No. 29,53[illegible]. July 8th.
THOMAS FOSTER, 32, St. Ann's Well Road, Nottingham. No. 100,137. July 15th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 29th.—

14474	143920	321845	437044	578810
17912	145007	334753	448406	592092
27422	186434	357529	481645	608516
43852	188667	358855	483004	611157
61999	199096	360485	515566	645693
87842	203898	374001	529118	646045
91737	214902	384613	540451	688541
102490	237023	405077	550583	703883
125324	277284	415914	555329	719691
137899	291633	422633	570082	729769

Initial Noughts should be Disregarded, but Final Ones are, of course, Reckoned.

The Fifty Numbers in Respect of this Week will be Announced in our issue dated September 23rd (Published September 21st).

The John Bull League.

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The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XI. No. 273. Saturday, August 26th, 1911. One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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The John Bull League.

PLYMOUTH AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

AN EVENING TRIP
PER
S.S. "BRUNEL,"
TO
ST. GERMANS,
TUESDAY, AUGUST 29th, 1911.

Times of Departure:
G. W. Docks, 6.30; North Corner, 6.40; and Pottery Quay, 6.45 p.m.
Refreshment on board.
Tickets, SIXPENCE EACH.
can be obtained from Mr. S. Coase, 5, Hanover Road, Laira; Mr. A. Matthews, 1, Paradise Place, Stoke; Mr. A. W. H. Matthews, 20, Whittington Street, Plymouth; Mr. J. Clemow, 97, Union Street, Stonehouse; Mr. H. Edgelor, 21, Keyham Street, Weston Mill; Mr. W. T. Tyacke, 3, Wellington Street, Stoke; or of any member of the Committee, or on board, and from the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. A. E. Hutchings, 20, Albert Road, Plymouth.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED?

Anyone heard of the Parliament Act lately? Or the Constitutional Revolution?

IMITATION.

We are much flattered by the formation of the "Independent Political Association," with the main object of abolishing the Party system. But we are not impressed with the names of its founders. They had far better become just ordinary members of the John Bull League.

ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON.

The poor old Party system is having a bad time. After the farce of the Parliament Act, as its only expedient for settling the Constitutional difficulty, comes the tragedy of its contribution to the Strike problem—a Royal Commission! No wonder the John Bull League has imitators, anxious to be in at the death!

"AGREED!"

The House of Commons spends hours on end debating things which do not matter a tinker's cpithet to anybody in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth—but it can hurry on occasion. For instance, the other evening it voted £67,046,752 for various public services in less than an hour; approximately £1,000,000 a minute. That must be a lot faster than they can make the cash at the Mint.

A TRUCE.

Whilst we heartily congratulate everybody concerned upon the cessation of active hostilities (assuming they *do* cease), we would seriously warn the public that the so-called "settlement" of the railway strike is nothing more than a truce, and that the trouble is far from over. It will never be settled till the workers discover a real leader. They have had enough of Office seekers and lay preachers.

"THE PRUDENCE OF THE 'PRU.'"

It is pointed out to us that the "concession" of improved terms to the Agents is confined to new business, and that consequently the Company will not be in any way out of pocket. In other words, it is a device for stemming the tide of disfavour which has risen against the "Pru" as the result of our revelations.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Several important changes in the constitution of the Ministry will very soon be announced. At least two members of the Government are going "up"; and it is practically settled that Ramsay Macdonald is to have a job. We wonder how he will get on with John Burns! *What* a game it is!

OUR "HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

A correspondent suggests that we should have collecting boxes placed in public bars, hairdressers' shops, etc., for the benefit of our Human derelicts. We think the idea an excellent one, and shall be happy to supply boxes to any tradesmen willing to receive them. Further details next week.

JUDICIAL CHANGES.

Three impending resignations—Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, Mr. Justice Lawrance, and Mr. Justice Grantham. Buck up, Atherley!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The weather has broken up for the holidays.

Wanted, an Eye Witness.

Information reaches us—and we give it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—that while the London Heavy Brigade (Territorial Artillery) of Barnsbury Park were in camp at Okehampton recently one of the horses was injured. Instead of dispatching it humanely, a lieutenant is alleged to have rained upon its head repeated blows with a hammer, but this not having the desired effect, it was eventually killed by somebody cutting its throat. We do not vouch for this horrible story.

Minister and Salmon.

We have not yet heard what is the answer of the licensed fishermen of Caerlaverock, near Dumfries, to the demand of the Rev. T. D. McIlvean, the local minister, that every licence-holder shall send him a salmon each quarter, "the fish to be of average size." Do not tell us they have been so rude as to inform our reverend friend that they catch their salmon in nets, and that he may take his blessed hook. What precisely is his alleged legal claim to this quarterly tribute of florid fish? Is it merely that he wants a substantial excuse for eating cucumber?

Canadian Cackle.

We have been favoured with a copy of a paper called the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, which has a leading article couched in a style quite reminiscent of the good old bowie-knife days, when frankness was considered an essential part of journalism. We are entitled "The Prince of Defamers"; one of our correspondents is styled "a monumental ass," a kind of animal which does not sound quite so loquacious as Balaam's; and readers are told that in our series entitled "Is Canada Worth Keeping?" "an ingenuity positively fiendish is combined with a deliberate disregard for truth that is appalling. These villianous (*sic*) mistatements (*sic*)," the elegant writer persists, "would not be worth noticing if it were not for the fact that John Bull has a circulation of a million and a quarter." The moral is that there ought to be legislation to punish anyone who dares to criticise any part of the Empire. But surely it is an act of friendship to point out abuses and the way to remedy them. Moreover, we owe a duty to our own people who are being beguiled out to Canada by fantastic promises and then left to starve in the streets or beg their way home.

Children in British Columbia.

With regard to British Columbia, a correspondent informs us that it is 100 per cent. rougher than Australia and much worse than South Africa, India, or South America, dearer by far than New York, utterly inhospitable in every way. A man who went there with his children spent two weeks and says he must have walked scores of miles vainly interviewing landladies, whose one reply was "No children." There are hardly any houses to let, so that it is not much use going out without enough capital to purchase outright. We wonder how long people will go on believing all the fairy tales which railway companies and emigration agents repeat?

What a Fib!

Here is a dialogue in the court of the Sheriff-Substitute at Alloa. The Sheriff (to boy witness): "How old are you?" The witness: "Ten." The Sheriff: "Do you go to the Sabbath-school?" The witness: "Yes." The Sheriff: "Do they tell you there it is naughty to tell fibs?" The witness: "I ken." The Sheriff: "Where do boys go to who tell fibs?" The witness: "To hell." The Sheriff: "That's right. Now answer the questions." It is rather a pity that they should tell boys in the Sunday schools of Alloa that they will go to hell if they tell fibs. It is such a whopping fib.

Scottish Humour.

The Postmaster of Lerwick has written to one of our readers informing him that a proper inquiry cannot be made unless he furnishes the cover of a letter said to have been undelivered. This is not, as might appear at first sight, a sarcastic suggestion that the letter must have been delivered, for the Postmaster goes on to make the following suggestion: "Perhaps you may be able to procure the cover in question and forward it to me." Unfortunately, no further hint is made as to the best method of procuring it, but we quite see that, if the cover can be procured, the Postmaster, possessing all the instincts of a Sherlock Holmes, may obtain a useful clue to the whereabouts of its contents. If, for instance, the cover happened to be found in a postman's pocket, it is just conceivable that the contents, if not of great value, might not be far away. Meanwhile, the Postmaster is consoling when he writes, "I may state that there is no recollection of the non-delivery of any communication addressed to Scalloway Hotel." Evidently occasions do arise when the Postmaster does have a recollection of the non-delivery of a communication. We suppose he suddenly starts up in bed and says, "Good gracious! I never delivered that letter which was addressed to Scalloway Hotel three months ago." We are really inquisitive to know what is then his course of action. We have never quite fathomed the precise meaning of the word "pawky," but we venture to suggest the possibility of its application to the mentality of a Lerwick Postmaster.

A Derelict Exchange.

Although for many years past the Croydon Corn Exchange has been used as a portion of a Public Library, and for just as many years no transactions in corn have taken place in the building, this state of things has failed to impress itself upon the minds of the local officials. A Weekly Return is posted up not five hundred yards from the obsolete "Exchange," whereon is shown the amount of corn sold. It always bears the inspector's signature, and in each column of the Return is written the word "Nil." The House of Lords is not the only institution requiring a spring clean.

How Not to do It.

Would that Lord Kitchener were on the Surrey County Council! Two summonses were heard at the Croydon County Bench on August 12th against farmers at Addington and Coulsdon, for infringement of the Foot and Mouth Disease Order. One of the requirements of the Act is that all such Orders shall be published thoroughly in newspapers circulating in the district. The only newspapers which the Council could prove having advertised the Order in were the *Surrey Comet*, and another which, published in Kingston, does not even profess to circulate in the Croydon district, in which area the two places concerned lie, while in Croydon itself there are no less than six papers published which do circulate in both these localities. It is little wonder that the magistrates dismissed the cases on these grounds.

The Strong Hand.

A man has been sentenced by the Eastbourne magistrates to 14 days' imprisonment with hard labour for selling lavender without a licence. It is a lenient sentence. Except for the scruples of the law, he would probably have been hanged.

Another Convert.

The Rev. James Morgan, vicar of St. Andrews the Great, Cambridge, preaching on "Serious Thinking," said: "Party thought is the greatest hindrance to truth and truth telling." Good.

What's Yours?

We are indebted to a prominent physician for a very useful warning in the matter of beverages which the hot weather might have tempted us to consume. Alcohol, of course, is dangerous in any form, however moderate may be its use, and will certainly ruin the digestion, perhaps even induce undue fatness. Beers are responsible for gout, rheumatism and Bright's disease. Brandy ruins the kidneys, whisky brings on liver complaints, some of which are frequently fatal. Gin upsets the nerves and leads to lunacy. Tea is a poisonous alkaloid, causing chronic dyspepsia and irritating the nervous system. Coffee has the same effects, only in a more aggravated degree. Milk is the most active vehicle of disease-germs known, and involves terrible dangers of consumption, typhoid and scarlet fever. Ordinary water is full of impurities and germs, but even if these could be guarded against, it is impossible to eliminate the various mineral salts it contains, many of them certain to produce the most painful kidney troubles. Who will have a drink with us?

The Plymouth Brethren.

One of them tells us that our allusion to a Plymouth Brother as a votary for the making of Sunday a day of statutory bondage or restrictions was peculiarly unfortunate and inappropriate. The Brethren, he says, are quite free from the ideas of legalism with which the professing religious world in general regard the Lord's Day. They have parted company with the other Christian communities in this respect, as in many other points, and they use Sunday for various purposes which would, according to current religious terminology, be classed as "secular." And especially would they refrain from seeking to impose upon other people a Sabbatarian bondage from which they themselves claim to be exempt.

Sad to Relate.

Explaining why there is so much unrest in the labour world, a "Labour Man" tells the readers of the *Mail*, among other things, that "with less beer we have got more paupers, with less whisky more lunacy." Better try gin.

Pity Poor Leicester.

One day last week, as a result of the strikes, the wholesale provision merchants of Leicester sent to the chairman of the Provision Exchange at Liverpool this message: "We hope you will inform the authorities it is absolutely necessary in the public interest that some American provisions be sent to Leicester at once." Think of a British city being reduced to corned beef and pig's squeal, imported canned.

The First Emigre.

The tide is moving fast. The first of the peers is already emigrating. "With the lords of Scotland against me because I am a Radical," said the Marquis of Queensberry before he sailed for New York, "and the Radical commoners against me because I am a lord, I am seeking new fields to better my condition." Does our most noble friend mean that he has gone to New York in order to start a new boxing saloon under Queensberry rules?

Nottingham and Its Worms.

The most thrilling news from the front to date is that the Nottingham worm-catchers, whose unmanufactured products are much in request by anglers, went on strike the other day for an extra shilling per thousand worms, but that they have now returned on a sliding scale advance of sixpence per thousand upwards. It is anticipated that the rat catchers will turn out shortly, and grave fears are also entertained that the fish catchers will presently lie down beside their tools.

Chocolate Officers.

With reference to our paragraph about "Chocolate Territorials," who gave up being a guard of honour to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught because it was feared that the rain might spoil their uniforms, it is pointed out that the men were quite willing to turn out. Indeed, some of them have been expressing their disgust that, having given up half a day's work, they were not allowed to show their loyalty to the King. And their shame is accentuated by the fact that the small boys of the neighbourhood are now in the habit of running after them and shouting "Don't spoil your tunics." This is particularly hard, as many of their tunics had been in wear for four years or more, and there was consequently no reason to fear the rain. It was the officers who were so anxious about their wardrobes, and we know by this time what some Territorial officers are like—Army failures, for the most part, who would be more appropriate in one of Mr. George Edwardes' comic operas.

Fly Flat-Catchers.

Does anyone know anything about the Metropolitan Trading Company, who announce on their note-paper that their Temporary Office is at 276, King's Road, Chelsea? They advertise for agents to sell safety razors at 8s., and require not only two references and a full and particular account of a candidate's occupation during the last five years, but also a deposit of a sovereign as security for samples. This may be all right, but we should advise intending agents not to part with their sovereigns before obtaining two references and a history of the Metropolitan Trading Company during the last few years. As it is, they do not even give the name of a director or manager, and they cover their retreat ingeniously by the preliminary statement that three or four weeks will be required to get their arrangements through satisfactorily.

Patronising Jack.

We are disposed to sympathise with the complaints of sailors as to the lack of consideration often shown to them by their superiors. Officers, for instance, seem to take a special delight in bringing bevies of gaudy, giggling ladies round the lower deck at meal times to watch the men feeding—as though they were beasts at the Zoo. Patronising remarks of the "Dear me, how interesting," type are not precisely conducive to appetite and good temper. As one of our naval correspondents puts it, "I wonder what would happen to me if I took my mother and sisters round the ward-room whilst the officers were at lunch?" Again, the men had no leave on the Friday and Saturday of the Naval Review week because the boats were required for officers' guests. Not only that: half the ship in many cases was cleared for the benefit of these beautiful creatures while the ship's company were herded like so many sheep in the fore half. Yet there are people who wonder why the Service is not more popular.

Pity the Poor Litigant.

Someone in the Transvaal is trying to start a society for insurance against litigation. At first sight this sounds very charming, and we hope a branch will be formed over here. Personally we should be quite prepared to pay 6s. a year or even more as a subscription to a society which would pay all our law costs. But how far we should be popular with the other members would be a question of waiting and seeing. In the case of people who are always bringing vexatious actions there could be a committee to restrain them.

From Natal.

"The proceedings in Parliament," says the *Natal Mercury*, "make one wonder whether the Party system has not lived its life." The answer is, "Nearly."

A Bingley Iniquity.

A little late in the day there reaches us from Bingley an account of some magisterial proceedings in which a boy named Robert Wright, 13 years of age, was charged with having taken two eggs from a local hencote. The case was heard before the Children's Court. The boy admitted taking the eggs, but there was no evidence that he had previously taken any, or that any had previously been missed. He had not carried either of the eggs home, and the father had not had the smallest trouble with him. In these circumstances it was not humanely possible for the Bingley Bench to do more than bind the lad over for six months. But if he was to be let off this way, why punish, the father, with eleven children on his hands, by a fine of 15s. and costs? This is what the magistrates did, and the net result was that, as the father was unable to pay the fine, he had to go to gaol for 14 days—all because his son had burgled a hencote of two eggs! Surely law and justice administered in this ignorant, wild, and vindictive fashion are brought into utter contempt and ridicule.

Childish Philanthropy.

A "Busy Mother" has been writing to the papers to suggest that the Salvation Army should form a brigade of dustbin-washers, who would charge the sum of ½d. She points out that, if the man was clean and did his job well, it is possible that the house-wife would ask him to do something else for a little extra consideration. Unfortunately we see several objections to this philanthropic scheme. To begin with, ½d. is too much to entrust to a poor man all at once; he should have it by instalments. Then the question arises that, after washing the dust-bin out he might not be considered clean enough to do other work in the household, which would naturally be a disappointment to him if he saw visions of a possible threepenny bit for carrying out a thorough spring-cleaning. Besides, what would be the good of bestowing such largesse upon members of a brigade whose profits would certainly be commandeered?

Present-day Pressing.

We thought the days of the press-gang were over, but a correspondent at Oldham complains that his son was sent to sea against his will. It is true the boy had been on a training ship, but his father had written to say he had found him work, and even gone to the Board office and been told that the boy was coming home. The next that was heard of him was that he had sailed for India on the s.s. *Aristo*, which belongs to the Wilson line. They have been written to, and it will be interesting to see whether they persist in detaining him. If not, the only thing will be to apply for a writ of habeas corpus.

More Converts.

From the *Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine*: "We would welcome in every country a state of flux that would re-align political parties, causing electors for once to cease adhering to certain groups merely because they were born into them, but to make choice according to their judgment. Even though the judgment be warped, it is better to exercise it than to follow vacantly for life the crack of the Party manager's whip. Parties do make fools of us all." Well spoken, dear agricultural confrère.

Blessed are the Poor!

We have before us a copy of the *St. Andrew's (Catford) Magazine*, from which we gather that the ordinary offertory at that church for the month of July amounted to £28 10s. 4d.: offertory for new buildings £24 12s., and for the Sick Poor 12s. 4d. Wonderful!

Present-day Pilgrims.

A petty officer writes to us from Jaffa that he joined an excursion to the holy city only to find that the hotel for which he had subscribed was practically reserved for the other kind of officer usually described as "an officer and a gentleman." The only part of the hotel left available, he tells us, was "a back dining-room (tables always laid for meals) and a small dirty staircase leading to a side street. No writing table was available for the despatch of the many souvenirs of the visit to Jerusalem, as the officers had temporarily and effectually barred all access to the hall and to the street." We can quite understand the annoyance, even the indignation, of our correspondent, who paid money for his excursion and had to take a back seat, but if he enjoyed the advantage of specially easy terms, we think he may console himself with the reflection that he visited the holy places without enormous discomfort. He should reflect upon the difficulties which confronted pilgrims in olden times. At the same time, it is obvious that the people who monopolised the hotel did so without the true pilgrim spirit.

What's in a Name?

We are always ready to respond to appeals to our sense of justice and fair play, so we cannot refuse to heed the prayer of an interested party who writes from Toronto with great emphasis to assert that Latter Day Saints and Mormons are not identical. He admits that the Mormons call themselves Latter Day Saints, but he says that they teach doctrines entirely forbidden by those peculiar people, doctrines absolutely contrary to the teachings of the Book of Mormon. He says that Joseph Smith, their Mahmond or Prophet, never had more than one wife (and she was called Emma); "he never preached, practised, or allowed to be preached or practised in the Latter Day Saints' Church during his lifetime, the damnable doctrines of polygamy and blood atonement." He died in 1844, and the polygamic Mormonism of Utah was never heard of until 1852. Now that is a definite statement which we suppose can be verified. It does not, however, justify the impertinence of people calling themselves Latter Day or any other kind of Saint.

The Postprandial Post Office.

The vagaries of the Post Office are becoming monotonous, and we feel we may be guilty of bad journalism if we harp upon them too much. But an instance of incredible stupidity is revealed in the case of a little toy which has just come under our notice. It is called "The Smiling Fish," and consists of a piece of paper, a piece of elastic and a wire like a paper fastener, to be enclosed in an envelope so as to produce a very mild emotion when opened. The elastic and the wire cause the fish to jump out and appear to wriggle. The fish is intended to be sent in an open envelope for ½d., but in many cases the Post Office has decreed that it ought to go as a letter because of the piece of wire. Now you can send quite big, heavy circulars with paper fasteners for ½d., but you must not send the smiling fish with a piece of wire like a paper fastener for less than a penny. Oh, for that Business Post Office!

Prepaid Wires.

A reader complains that, having several unused prepaid telegraph forms, he sent them to the G.P.O. with a request for their value, but was told that, as they were more than two months old, nothing could be allowed for them. He re-echoes our complaint that the Postmaster-General should not only have the use of the money for two months without interest, but should claim the capital as well at the end of that period. Ah, well—it will all come right some day.

"DAYS OF JOY."

The Rev. Dr. Brewer, in his Dictionary, defines "Feasts" as "Anniversary days of joy. They are either immovable or movable. The chief movable feasts are the four rent days." We should have thought that the quarter-days were hardly "days of joy" to tenants, but they probably are the days upon which most moving occurs.

WANTED, A SHORTHAND TYPIST.

Here is an advertisement which recently appeared in a newspaper: "Wanted, shorthand-typist (male), 7s. a week to start." It turned out that the advertisers are a firm describing themselves as "advertising experts." We should say they are.

RETRENCHMENT.

It seems that the revising branch of the Stationery Office has saved £110,000 in departmental expenses in four years. We are immediately prepared to advise the branch how to save about £4,000,000 in one year in red tape.

OUR CHANNEL CUP AND PURSE.

To encourage swimmers to persevere in the attempt to emulate the feat of the late Captain Webb in swimming the English Channel, we have decided to offer a John Bull Cup and a Purse of One Hundred Pounds to the first man who gets across, provided due notice of the swim be given to us, and that we are satisfied of the *bona-fides* of the competitor. Full details next week.

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

Do you realise that your copy of JOHN BULL may at any time be worth £500? Read the announcement on page 291.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

We have to warn members of the League against the somewhat insidious attempt now being made to decoy them into the ranks of a newly formed Association which, without such brains as we possess, seeks to annex our objects.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He was a grocer whose knowledge of legal phraseology was limited. And this is how he wrote to a lady customer: "Dear Madam,—If the enclosed account is not paid before the end of the week, I shall have to take steps to get you into trouble."

WHEN CAPITAL AND LABOUR QUARREL.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For placing in the programme of the dedication by the Archbishop of Canterbury of the chapel at Maidstone Prison, an item by a convict-organist, "OH, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE," *and the hymn* "WE LOVE THE PLACE,"

THE MAIDSTONE PRISON AUTHORITIES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a notice: "*We charge* 1*d. for each bottle* RETURNED *short,*"

Messrs. GAMLE CARLSBERG LAGER BEER IMPORT CO. (Leith),
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Weekly Dispatch") that, on the occasion of the ramming of an iceberg by the Anchor liner "Columbia," "The sense of duty on the part of the sailor at the look-out was the most sublime I have ever known. He stood at his post without a thought of desertion, THOUGH BURIED BY TONS OF ICE,"

Mr. ADAM SPEERS, J.P. (of Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Evening Chronicle," Newcastle), that: "He had seen as many as 50 persons in one room, where there was NOT ROOM FOR TEN,"

POLICE-SUPT. WEDDELL (of Newcastle),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "9 extras gave Plank Lane the victory, the Rev. E. L. Claypon BETTING 19 *for the Parish Church,"*

THE WIGAN OBSERVER AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement in the "Apartments to Let" column of the "Evening News":—"W.C. (Bloomsbury). Mrs. Barlow, 23, Regent Square, bed-sitting room (very large), BREATHING FORGETFULNESS, RESTFULNESS, PRIVACY AND PEACE, *bath,"*

Mrs. BARLOW
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that an aviator had "nine previous convictions against him for BREECHES *of the Motor Car Act,"*

THE SOUTH WALES ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising among the "Six Features of Interest" of North Wales, "Spacious and lovely lakes," and, under the head of "Bala" stating "*ONLY *lake in Wales,"*

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its "Turf Letter," that: "Senseless likes this course, but the evening may see him stretched a corpse in some local hospital or mortuary far from his home,"

THE EVENING GAZETTE (Glasgow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "In ONE *over after lunch, Foster bowled* TEN *overs for eight runs and four wickets,"*

THE SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO (Southampton),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, amongst its rules for the Regatta on August 3rd: "All races to be finished INSIDE THE COMMITTEE BOAT, *unless otherwise ordered by the starter,"*

THE COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL COWES TOWN REGATTA
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "From Somersetshire, where the rain has been RAREST, *to Norfolk, where it has been least* RARE, *the country may be said to have suffered from at least a month and a third of hot, rainless hours,"*

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE STRIKE AND THE "CRISIS."

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE RECENT UPHEAVAL.—THE IMPOTENCE OF PARTY GOVERNMENT.—THE MENACE TO OUR FOOD SUPPLY.—A BOGUS "CRISIS."

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IMMINENT.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

There are two main features of the recent strike. It demonstrates, first, what a thin line divides Order and Anarchy, and, second, what a hollow, meaningless thing is our Political system in face of stern reality. Whilst a hundred thousand hungry dockers were tightening in their gnawing stomachs and biting their bloodless lips—held in check from violent deeds by nothing more than the spell of their Dreamer-Leader—a thousand Party parrots were prating pompous and portentous platitudes about a "Constitutional Crisis," and the People and the Peers! The People! and there they were, looking on, with sunken cheeks and furtive eyes, pleading in silent eloquence for guidance in their squalid, sordid path. But no voice spoke. No MAN came. The great Constitutional Crisis could not be interrupted—the game must proceed! What were those cheers that came from the Parliament building—the handsome, beautiful Parliament building!—and fell upon the white ears of the anxious mob? Verily, there were good tidings. The big problem—the problem of the ages—had been solved. No more Strikes; no more Labour Disputes; no more Hunger and Unemployment—*the Parliament Bill had passed!* What better news could the workers want? Why, it was almost as good as Board of Trade Returns—proving how well everybody is doing.

For assuredly will the historian of our time tell the fact that when the people asked for work we gave them the Parliament Bill, and when they asked for bread we gave them Statistics.

"The Government is to spend only £100,000, instead of £200,000, in grants for Unemployed relief next winter," says my daily paper, and, a column or two away, it also tells me that £252,000 has been voted for the payment of M.P.'s. There is another fact for the historian.

And here is another. In the course of an hour the House of Commons voted away upwards of Fifty Millions of public money, without one word of discussion, or the examination of a single item. Here are some of them. "Surveys of the United Kingdom, £112,344"—a most appropriate object! "The Palace of Peace—the Hague, £1,000"! The Hague, mark you. There is also an item for "Martial Law"—but that is for the Navy!

Another lesson, an object lesson. The standing menace to our food supplies. If a week's strike can threaten London with famine, what of a war? I do not know what either the Free Traders or the Tariff Reformers would say to it, but it would be part of the policy of a Business Government to subsidise British farmers, with the object of always having a home supply of meat, poultry, vegetables, fruit and corn—with Government granaries well stocked against emergencies.

Another lesson. Given an organised revolt of Labour, no Minister dare fight it. For ten days Messrs. Tillett and Gosling were the rulers of England. How they must have laughed up their sleeves as they wrote their Permit to the Postmaster-General to take his mails through the lines! How the strikers—stern as they were—must have chuckled as they scrupulously honoured the Permit! It was a Dantonic foretaste of that *Comité de Salut Public* which may at any moment take things out of the hands of the Government. They could have got any terms they cared to demand. What they have taken will assuredly be regarded as but a bit on account. When will they ask for the balance? *And where is it coming from?* Is British capital sufficiently elastic to bear a further strain?

The Railway Truce.

The foregoing reflections were prompted by the Dock strike. They were scarcely jotted down before we had the railway outbreak—sharp and short. As we go to press the news is that a Settlement has been arrived at. Would it were so. But why fool ourselves? There is no settlement—only a truce. I am no alarmist, and certainly no pessimist; but I do predict that ere we are much older we shall see not only a railway but a general strike, with the military in possession of all our means of transport and transit. (*Of course* we rely on the soldiers.) And then there will come the final strike—the strike of the plain citizen against the fraud and hypocrisy of our present system of Government, with a demand for a saner method of running the business of the State. *That* will be a real strike—and, in the name of Heaven, it is overdue.

The "Crisis."

And what of this? Compared with the reality of the strike, what a comedy it was! Have you ever seriously considered it?

The House of Commons, elected by about a third of the male adult population, almost equally divided in Party colour, says it is the voice of the People. The House of Lords says—"nothing of the kind," and that the only way to get the voice of the People on any particular proposal is to ask for it by means of a special Referendum. "Nonsense!" replies the House of Commons; "once here, however accidental our Party majority, we claim the right to do as we like in the name of the nation. We will give *you* the right to thwart us for two years, but after that, by Jingo! the divine will of the People shall prevail. During those two years we are willing to play football with the divine will, but after that it becomes sacrosanct by Act of Parliament." And so we get the Parliament Bill. "We won't have it," said the Lords—"we will die first." "You *must* have it," replied the Commons, "or, instead of killing you, by Jove! we'll put new life into you—there, now!" "Spare us from that," pleaded the Lords, "anything but that—take your Parliament Bill." And thus it became law. *And then the House adjourned!*

Yes, the House adjourned—for a holiday! Shall I tell you what would have been done under a Business Government? We should have summoned the representatives of the Railway Companies and of the men to the Bar; listened to a full statement of the case from each side; ordered them to withdraw to two of the Committee Rooms whilst we considered the matter; called on the Government to suggest some plan for grappling with the crisis discussed; and finally settled it by the vote of the House; called back the two deputations, acquainted them with our decision—with an intimation that it had to be obeyed *then and there.* There must be some supreme authority in such emergencies, and that authority is Parliament.

Suppose one or both of the parties did not agree with our decision? Well, a Business Government would make short work of that.

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

UNIQUE OFFER FOR THE MILLIONTH COPY OF "JOHN BULL" SOLD IN ONE WEEK.

The regular weekly circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually approaching one million copies, and in this connection we now make the following unique offer:

We will pay the sum of £500 for the first millionth copy actually sold. This is no lottery. We wish to obtain the copy, frame it, and preserve it, as marking an absolute record in the case of a British Weekly Periodical.

We could easily increase our printing order to one million and preserve the millionth copy so printed. That, however, would have no future value. What we desire to secure is the first *millionth copy* actually circulated in the Trade *and sold*—and this is how we propose to get it. Such copy will bear upon it a distinctive number (not necessarily 1,000,000)—made automatically by the printing machine, and unknown to any living soul except the Directors of John Bull, Ltd., who guarantee that the copy so numbered will go into circulation through the Trade in the ordinary way.

The millionth copy may be in circulation any week now, and all we ask our readers to do is to carefully preserve their JOHN BULLS and await a further announcement.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that in making this offer we are actuated solely by commercial considerations. The millionth copy of a British Weekly Periodical—actually circulated and sold through the Trade—is something which any Proprietors would willingly pay £500 for as a permanent advertisement. We shall keep it on view as a valuable memento in the history of JOHN BULL.

We shall in due course indicate the number which will identify the copy in question, and to the holder of such copy we shall, in exchange for same, hand the sum of £500.

THE AGGRAVATIONS OF AGGIE.

MORE ABOUT "THE SAILORS' FRIEND."

We continue to receive complaints about Miss Aggie Weston, the self-styled Sailors' Friend. Here is a case in point, small perhaps, but significant. On Review-day she raised her prices for tea and rolls 50 per cent., but, as a concession to her friendship for sailors, put up an announcement, "Service men—price as usual." That sounds all very well, but it constituted a grievance for the wife of an able seaman whose pay is only 14s. a week. It certainly seems mean and hard to seize the opportunity of a great national display to extort extravagant profits from the unfortunate sailors' wives whom she professes to love so dearly. We hope that intending subscribers will digest this fact and reconsider the avenues of their generosity. Unfortunately it is too late to affect the dispositions of a person whose will was published the other day and included a sum of no less than £3,000 for the benefit of this quack philanthropist.

Another complaint in connection with this same review relates to the sleeping accommodation which Miss Weston professes to provide for "poor Jack." It appears that she allowed foreign sailors to book beds without asking for any deposit. The result was that many of them found more attractive accommodation and failed to turn up. Then British blue-jackets had to be refused admission.

Another impudent trick is to send the plate round at her mothers' meetings and other philanthropic gatherings, with a request for subscriptions for some charity. The sailors' wives and others do not grudge an odd copper, but they do feel a little bit aggrieved when they see flaring advertisements in the local papers about Miss Weston's goodness in contributing to such charities. As one of our correspondents puts it, "she may fancy people nearly idolise her, but if she could only hear the plain truth spoken about her, she would soon think otherwise." The general reflection is that, instead of cadging for coppers from poor people, she might dip into some of the large sums given and bequeathed to her, if she must give alms in the sight of men.

DIVORCE ON THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HENRY VIII.

New industries are rare, but we think we have discovered one. Somebody has been advertising facilities for divorce on the instalment system. He says in his advertisement: "Persons in straitened circumstances can obtain divorce for £5 (by easy instalments) by applying to a Gentleman with twenty-five years' experience." At first sight this appears like the trick of a moneylender, and there is something almost ridiculous about the notion of obtaining freedom from matrimonial responsibilities on the same lines as a sewing machine or a new set of teeth. But the idea is a good one. There are far too many people walking about England to-day putting up with infidelity and cruelty and desertion and snoring bedfellows, who would be only too glad to obtain release from their old troubles and embark upon new ones by marrying somebody else, if only they had a few hundred pounds in the bank. As they make a regular income, there is no reason why they should not be helped by some philanthropic gentleman who is willing to lend the money. But this particular advertiser has aroused the suspicions of some of our correspondents by collecting small sums of money from them—30s. in one case—and doing nothing more except asking for further amounts. Besides, how could any reasonable person expect to obtain a divorce for £5 before the advent of the Business Government?

"ALL MATTERS APPERTAINING TO LIFE."

AN ALLEGORICAL AND PARAGORICAL LEAFLET.

We have been shown a remarkable leaflet recently circulated in the Euston Road. It begins in mock ecclesiastical language as follows: "From Newcomers to your shores, Salutations of Joy," and it goes on to express high-flown twaddle about nothing at all. This is the kind of thing: "The four great corner-stones of this great structure of Life as held by science, sociology, philosophy and religion, are surely misplaced as to hold at right angles the complex whole of perfection." Here is an absolutely meaningless sentence such as might, probably is, produced in a lunatic asylum. Yet it is very like the kind of sentence wherewith esoteric theologians and other party politicians delight to bamboozle the public.

Further on in the pamphlet we find a delightful Teutonic suggestion in a reference to "Adam *Schmid* and his 'Wealth of Nations.'" Then we have this sentence, which is too good to be lost: "All this fussing about spiritual, literal, figurative, allegorical, and paragorical interpretations will not lead us to the understanding of the infinite in God and the finite of man." Paragorical interpretation is indeed a phrase of beauty and must always be remembered by persons who enter chemists' shops to purchase pick-me-ups.

To cut the cackle, to extract the kernel of this leaflet, we find the news is that "The Most Reverend and Doctor Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish, of Math El-Kharman (Thibetan Rites)," is going to "sound the Gospel of Peace that all matters appertaining to life here and now may be adjusted." That seems to be the only attraction, and we hesitate to believe that very many people will be induced to take the next step and "very kindly address:—Curtis O. Phillips, Poste Restante, G.P.O., King Edward St., E.C."

THE PARTY GAME.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

By A. A. C.

How would it do to have a recognised Official Opposition Ministry? What I mean is, let each Government Minister have an Opposition *vis-à-vis* who would receive a similar salary. Perhaps then we might get the leaders of the two chief schools of political thought to try really to initiate some sensible legislation for the benefit of the country, instead of, as now, putting all their energy into trying to get the other side out so that they may possess themselves of their salaries. It is a commonplace that many of our leading politicians are "out for what they can get," and certain of them are determined to hold what they now have, even if they do it by inciting to revolution or siding with anarchy.

THE BAR AND THE PUBLIC.

WIDESPREAD INDIGNATION AT COUNSELS' ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE.

Our recent article under this heading has resulted in the receipt of numerous letters, from which we give the following few extracts:

A Yorkshire reader says:—

> Some time ago I trusted a local town surveyor to carry out certain work for me, but my trust was betrayed. When I discovered this I had the courage to fight for my rights, and the judge, in his summing up of the case, repeatedly complimented me on my straightforwardness; yet the opposing counsel (to please this man who had used me so badly, and who, after the trial, parted with his surveyorship) for two mortal hours roundly abused me and my new surveyor. He said my conduct was disgraceful and dirty; called me a Shylock, and stigmatised the new surveyor I had to call in as a blackleg and a disgrace to his class; and said I, to gain my ends, had not hesitated to employ the dregs of an honourable profession. No words he could find were too bad for both of us. The case cost my opponent £1,300.

Our correspondent was fortunate in his case being heard by an official referee who apparently possessed a level head, and a British instinct against the abuse of counsels' privilege.

"Set a Thief to Catch a Thief"?

A Norfolk reader thinks that our original article failed to hit the right nail on the head as regards the remedy for this scandal, saying:—

> Perhaps you believe in the efficacy of the proverb "Set a thief to catch a thief." Otherwise, I would point out that your proposal to appeal to the Bar Council and the Law Society could be of no possible avail, as the members are drawn from the gang which you have so aptly designated a "Trades Union of the worst description." At the time I read this remark of yours, I recollect drawing a barrister's attention to its truth, which he did not attempt to refute, but, revelling in the powers so ignobly abused by his brethren in the profession, he smilingly observed that at any rate it was too strong a one to break.
>
> Anyone who has been a victim of the so-called justice of this country cannot fail to recognise the utter corruption and rottenness of its entire legal system—unfortunately a daily increasing evil, and one which must continue to grow whilst we allow ourselves to be drawn still further under the blackmailing yoke of the legal profession, by permitting its members to represent us in such vast numbers in Parliament.

"I myself had a case, a few months back, over losing my bicycle," writes a Cardiff reader.

> The defendant's counsel asked me if I was not in the habit of making these claims against firms, and whether I had not brought similar cases under the name of Harris in London. There was no cause or reason to ask me such questions. As a matter of fact, I have never lived in London, and this is the first occasion I had to claim against anyone. The fact of him having asked me such cowardly questions was enough, and my action failed.

The Responsibility of the Judges.

A North London correspondent holds that the really guilty parties are the judges, in support of his contention saying:—

> If it be true that they have the power to control counsel, and to dictate how cases tried before them should be conducted, then it is clear that the abuse by counsel of the right of cross-examination must shift on to the shoulders of those who, having the power, do not prevent the abuse of that right. It is the judges who should be called to account, for it is they who are ultimately responsible.
>
> The insolence of counsel passes all bounds. Educated men can generally hold their own in the encounter, but the general public are at the mercy of advocates, who, to say the least, have a strange notion of professional honour. Burke's opinion of the law is still true. He said: "It does not open and liberalise the mind in the same proportion as it quickens and invigorates the understanding." It is amazing in how many cases it has a narrowing effect, and even blunts the sense of honesty, as in the case of counsel who pocket fees for work which they do not perform. When I have been so treated I have always regarded the payment as a debt due to me by the advocate; irrecoverable, of course—not, however, because the debtor cannot pay, but because he will not pay, knowing full well that he cannot be forced to disgorge. There is a Judge on the Bench to-day whom I still regard as my debtor for twenty guineas.

An anonymous correspondent expresses the following views:—

> There is only one creature in this country who can obtain money by false pretences and who cannot be prosecuted for fraud, and that is the barrister—a parasite on the law who cannot sue or legally claim anything for his services. No other country permits solicitors and clients to be imposed upon by interlopers who take money ostensibly for appearing and pleading, and who leave the client at the last moment in the lurch. I know the greatest advocates at the Bar have done this contemptible swindle times over and I know judges who, if they examine their consciences, must own up they are nothing but "promoted fee thieves."

The "Lower Branch" of the Profession.

Although he is a solicitor, and not a member of the Bar, we think it is appropriate here to call attention to the remarks made by Mr. Brassey, a Chester solicitor, appearing at Eddisbury Sessions as advocate for a defendant charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting a police sergeant. The sergeant seems to have told a plain story, to have been a man of excellent character and record, his superintendent describing him as a truthful, a painstaking and efficient officer, and—unable to shake him in cross-examination—Mr. Brassey, after receiving a mild admonition as to the strength of his language, is reported to have shouted, "I charge this man with being an outrageous liar. . . . He is the most outrageous liar, according to my evidence, that has ever been before this Court. Am I to understand that I am not allowed to attack people I know to be liars?"

The following extract is from "My Life's Pilgrimage," the autobiography of Mr. Thomas Catling, who has just retired from his long editorship of *Lloyd's News*:—

> Will lawyers ever try to live up to their boasted "honour of the Bar"? A distinguished statesman, speaking from inner knowledge, only the other day pronounced the Bar to be "the most dubious and disagreeable of all professions." Another authority says, "the one great principle of the English Law is to make business for itself. There is no other principle distinctly, certainly, and consistently maintained through all its narrow turnings." Dr. Johnson, in his first dictionary, defined justice as "the virtue by which we give to every man what is his due." It would be well if this could be inscribed in letters of gold over every judgment seat. When a French judge answered the appeal of a prisoner on trial for her life by saying "For the honour of the law I protest," he only acted in accordance with his legal training. Why is it that a man who conducts his own case is said "to have a fool for his client"? "Counsel do not ask questions for the benefit of the jury" was said in court quite recently; and complaints of "inaccuracies in summing up" are growing painfully prevalent in appeal cases. Too many judges are only lawyers on a higher level, requiring to be reminded that justice is demanded from them. When a county court judge makes the open avowal, "I have often won cases that never ought have to be brought," he shows how much is wanting. A lawyer proved to have supported a speculative action with exaggerated and absolutely false statements escaped with a judicial lecture that turned the whole proceedings into a farce for all save the unfortunate defendants who had to pay the costs.

ENGLISH SPIES IN GERMAN WATERS.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT MR. BERTRAND STEWART.

A good deal is being said just now as to the arrest of Mr. Bertrand Stewart, by order of the German Government, on a charge of espionage. As the statements in the press are inaccurate and incomplete, it may be interesting to say something about this gentleman, and of espionage as carried on by Englishmen more or less associated with the Army.

Mr. Bertrand Stewart is a partner in the firm of Messrs. Markby, Stewart & Co., Solicitors, of Coleman Street, London, but he seldom goes to his office, his time being taken up with military rather than legal affairs. Mr. Stewart belongs to the "forward school" of officers of the Territorial cavalry, and is a lieut. in the West Kent Yeomanry. He has acted as Assistant Editor of an official Service publication, a cavalry journal, and is the author of an excellent manual, approved by the Army Council, and entitled "Active Service Pocket Book." He is an officer of the Order of the Crown (Roumania), a decoration given for experiments in military aviation, and is also an officer of the Order of the Redeemer (Greece), a decoration given for proficiency in military scouting. He is considered one of the best officer scouts of the Yeomanry cavalry, and has passed through the School of Musketry at Hythe, and all the voluntary operations of an officer of the Territorial forces of his rank. He has always been an ardent student of military aviation, and wears the S. Africa medal with clasps. These particulars are important when speaking of his arrest, as they show that Mr. Stewart, a young man of 30, is something very different from the ordinary London solicitor on his holidays.

We have reason to know that Mr. Stewart was warned several times by German friends of the fate that befalls the pitcher that goes too often to the well. The German authorities take a very serious view of his recent doings. They arrested him at a Bremen hotel, and no papers were found upon him. They had been watching him for some little time cruising in Frisian waters, and he is charged with trying to obtain information as to the defences of the East Frisian islands and the Weeser estuary. He is to be tried with a merchant from Liverpool, who is also charged with espionage at Borkam and Krupp's.

It is interesting to remember in connection with this arrest a remark made in the House of Commons some months ago by Lord Haldane, who then stated that it is "little short of the duty" of officers to collect all possible information about foreign countries when travelling abroad, and General Ian Hamilton, writing in the *United Service Magazine* last year on the Intelligence Department, said:

> "Let every officer who travels abroad consider himself as an intelligence agent. The more developed a country is the more rapidly it changes. It is as difficult to get information up-to-date as to compile it. Every report, however short, sent to the Intelligence Department helps those who are responsible to perfect their information and in checking matters already in possession of the Department, or in elucidating doubtful points, and it may assist those in the Intelligence Department in grasping the whys and the wherefores of certain facts that are already known. Officers who thus submit information acquired by them when travelling on the Continent, either for buisness or pleasure, have the satisfaction of knowing that they are benefiting their own country while obtaining valuable practice in important duties when on active service."

When these are the sentiments of the Secretary of State for War and the Inspector-General of our Forces Over Seas, it is not surprising that ambitious young men like Mr. Bertrand Stewart find themselves in unpleasant positions.

Strong influence is being brought to bear on the King on Mr. Stewart's behalf, for he is a nephew on the distaff side of the late Lord Kensington, who was Comptroller of the Household of Queen Victoria and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and he is a grandson of Lady Jane Mary Douglas, sister of the 5th Marquis of Queensberry. The King is very much interested in him, and no doubt at the proper time will put in a word for him with the German Emperor, but it is highly improbable that His Majesty will be able to save Mr. Stewart from a period of imprisonment which may well be longer than that which is now being worked out by Messrs. Brandon and Trench.

"A CASE FOR ENQUIRY."

HAMMOND JOURNEAUX AGAIN.

In our issue of July 29th we asked, "Who is Hammond Journeaux, who signs himself the Secretary of the Surrey Land and Trading Company, Ltd.?" We have since received a letter from Mr. Hammond Journeaux, of 48, Francis Avenue, High Road, Ilford, who writes to us as follows:—

> My attention has been called to an article appearing in your paper mentioning a Company which seems to meet with your disapprobation. I should be obliged if you would make it known to your readers that I know nothing whatever of the business referred to. The similarity of name might otherwise lead to a misunderstanding.

Well, it is not a very common name, and we must ask again, who is Hammond Journeaux? And who is Mr. Sparling? We know that he describes himself as the Managing Director of the Surrey Land and Trading Company, Ltd., but that does not carry us far, for we have very scanty information about this Company, and Somerset House has nothing to say.

A Streatham builder tells us that, hearing that the Company wanted a builder, he called at its office, 2, Station Road, Norwood, an unpretentious and meagrely furnished room. There he had an interview with Mr. Sparling and Mr. Journeaux. He was offered an appointment in Australia, term seven years, pay £3 a week, with promise of a rise, passage out to be paid by the Company; but he was required to take up fifty £1 shares. We have had communications from various other persons, one an architect, who was given the same offer of £3 a week, others labourers who were required to sign an agreement binding them to remain with the Company seven years at a wage of 25s. a week. It seems strange that labourers are willing to sell up their homes and emigrate to Australia on the strength of an agreement with an unknown Company—an agreement binding upon them for seven years—giving them 25s. a week; but we are assured that a large number of men are going out under these conditions.

Now we are not suggesting that there is any fraud about this business. So far as we can see, the money that men who accept the Company's terms have to find is pretty well all used in buying their passage tickets, but we think we may fairly ask Mr. Sparling to satisfy us that his company has land in Australia which can be profitably worked by the men he is sending out, and that when they reach Australia it will not be to find that there is no work for them to do, or that they are required to work for wages far below the current rate.

MEDICAL CREDULITY.

A NEW TERROR FOR MANKIND.

Medical men are certainly among the most credulous creatures on the face of the earth. They actually go so far as to assert that they can photograph our thoughts and our characters.

All you have to do is to put your fingers into a developing dish with a photographic plate and think hard. Then your thoughts will appear on the plate, and you can print a picture of them, whatever they may be—a beautiful lady, or a glass of beer, or a dog-fight. The photography of character rests on the old superstition that each of us possesses an aura or characteristic emanation, which varies according to our goodness or wickedness, courage or cowardice, and so forth. At present it is claimed that the aura can be photographed, and appears on the picture as a kind of haze. The nature of this haze and its locality, whether round the wrist or the ears or the mouth, will eventually determine the character of the person photographed.

No doubt in process of time, the doctors will expect us all to employ them to photograph our prospective wives and secretaries.

We foresee beautiful possibilities. What would not Lord Hugh Cecil have given for a photograph of the thoughts of Mr. Balfour during the recent tumult in the House of Commons? But what a terrible ordeal for a naughty husband if his shrew compelled him to undergo the developing-dish ordeal after a heavy night!

"ASYLUMS AND ASSAULTS."

GRAVE INDICTMENT OF A LARGE PUBLIC INSTITUTION.

We have received many communications in reply to the paragraph under this heading which appeared in our issue of July 29th. It may be remembered that we referred to the case of Hessey, an attendant at the London County Asylum at Hanwell, and quoted from the letter we had received from a medical man who told us that Hanwell is not the only institution of its kind where patients are ill-used. "I have," wrote our correspondent, "sent cases to county asylums which, had the law allowed, I could positively have cured, only to find that after a few weeks they are hopelessly insane." Some of our correspondents hotly contradict the allegations made in this letter, others confirm them. "It is a very strict rule," writes a nurse, "even printed and framed, and hung in the dining-rooms, that any member of the staff known to ill-treat a patient shall be severely punished and dismissed the service. We are trained to look upon insanity as an illness, and to help to cure or relieve the sufferings of the patients, not to punish it as a crime." It is not, of course, suggested that the responsible authorities of national asylums condone cruelty, but it is to be feared that it is much commoner than it is pleasant to admit.

We print below a letter we have received from a gentleman whose name for the moment we withhold, but who, we may say, holds a very responsible position. It will be seen that he makes very grave charges against certain persons employed at one of the largest of the county asylums. We give the letter as it reaches us:—

> I have read with interest the article in your issue of the 29th ult. on "Asylums and Assaults," and would like to relate the experience I had recently with a very large public institution.
>
> My wife, very suddenly, lost her reason at the end of January last, developing religious mania, and upon the advice of four doctors I was induced to send her to the asylum of the county in which she resided, as a paying patient, the doctors stating that the sooner she received proper treatment, the greater would be the chance of her recovery. I was recommended to send her to a public institution rather than a private one, as, there being in the former no monetary inducement, it was to their interest to effect as speedy a cure as possible, which appeared to me sound argument.
>
> On February 2nd I took her to this institution and called for five consecutive days for a report on her case, but could elicit no information, nor would they let me see her. On the sixth day I insisted on being taken to her. I found her in bed, perfectly quiet and fairly rational. I then saw the Medical Superintendent, and complained that I could get no report from the doctor in charge. The reply was that that spoke very highly for the medical staff, and if I asked him, he did not think much of her case. I left word that no expense was to be spared for anything that was likely to do her good or add to her comfort, and I would gladly pay any extra charge required.
>
> On my next visit (which I did not make for a fortnight at the special request of the Medical Superintendent) I found a decided change for the worse in her appearance; particularly did I notice a frightened, haunted look in her face, and her hands had a continual tremor. Neither doctor nor nurses could or would account for this.
>
> The doctor in charge of the case merely told me she was no better, and that she had hardly any natural sleep, was very restive (it taking four nurses to manage her), that she refused her food, and had to be fed artificially, and that her heart was very weak, which I had known for years and had told the doctor when putting her into his charge. I enquired whether I could get some further advice, or whether I could get anything beneficial to her, but the doctor had absolutely nothing to suggest.
>
> On subsequent visits I found her getting gradually worse, the frightened, haunted look becoming settled into her face, and I heard her moaning "I can't get out." My enquiries as to the cause of this were put off by the nurses, but it was evidently the result of being put in the padded room during the nights, as I afterwards learnt, to save themselves trouble in looking after her.
>
> At the end of March, I found her with a black eye and half her face discoloured (blue and green). No explanation was forthcoming beyond the suggestion that she must have fallen out of bed during the night, but how she could get her face in the condition it was, without any marks on the nose, was unexplained.
>
> I told the doctor in charge that I could not leave my wife any longer in an institution where such "accidents" could occur, and arranged for my own medical man to examine her as to her physical fitness for removal as soon as preparations could be made for her reception at home. This seemed to put the doctor rather about, and both he and the nurses told my sister-in-law and myself that we should require four nurses to manage her. We found, however, one amply sufficient, and a child could have attended on her.
>
> My medical man had an interview with the Medical Superintendent and the doctor who had charge of the case, but could get very little information out of either. What he did obtain he only got by close questioning. In this way he learned that she had been put in the padded room at nights, the reason given being that she was crawling about a night, but we found her so weak that she could not even turn in bed unaided. Further, compulsory baths were given her, which my doctor stated were not only unnecessary, but in the state of her heart absolutely dangerous, and to his enquiry why blanket baths were not given, he got no reply.
>
> After bringing her home in an ambulance, both doctor and nurse were horrified to find the condition she was in. From weighing 13 stone, she had shrunk to a mere skeleton, her back was covered with bed sores, some healed, some partly healed, and one open and festering, showing that this had been going on some time.
>
> No attempt at dressing having been made, her clothes stuck to the raw wound, a purulent discharge was also discovered, caused by the careless use of the catheter, and the cartilage of her throat was found to be damaged. No wonder she refused food, and could get no natural sleep. After she had been put to bed and her wound dressed, she had eight hours' natural sleep without once waking, and after taking some liquid nourishment, fell asleep again and slept till 7 o'clock. Up to the time of her death, she had regular natural sleep for at least 8 hours nightly. After the first day, the haunted, frightened look left her face and she took everything offered her in the way of food, but on account of her throat it had to be in liquid form. She also took her medicine without any trouble whatever. For the first week the doctor, nurse and myself were in hopes of saving her life, as she brightened up wonderfully, and even gained in weight, but the damage to her throat was irremediable, and for the last two days she could only swallow champagne and brandy, upon which she was kept alive, but even these failed ultimately.
>
> A throat specialist was called into consultation, but he could give no hope, and stated that during the whole of his professional experience he had not met such a case.
>
> At the request of the doctors, I agreed to a post mortem examination of the throat being made, but the result fell just short of sufficient proof for an inquest.
>
> I reported the case to the County Council concerned, who replied that searching enquiries should be made and a report would be sent me. To this I replied that any enquiry without my witnesses (the two doctors and nurse who had attended her) would be futile, as probably the same lies would be told as I had already been regaled with. To this letter I have had no reply, nor have I, although more than three months have elapsed, heard anything further.
>
> My only remedy, I am told, is a civil action, but what monetary damages could possibly recompense me for the life of my wife?
>
> I hold her treatment at the Asylum directly responsible for her death, and this, as you will see from the enclosed letter, is the opinion of the doctor who attended her, although he does not put it in as many words.
>
> I sincerely hope that my sad experience may act as a warning to others not to entrust anyone for whom they may care to such public institutions, and it will substantiate your statements as to the need of stricter supervision over those in charge of the unfortunate souls who cannot protect themselves. Surely it is time another Charles Reade arose to stir up public opinion in the matter.

It would be difficult to frame graver charges against a public asylum. We direct particular attention to the ninth, the twelfth, and the fourteenth paragraphs; to the ninth, in which our correspondent's medical man speaks as to treatment; to the twelfth, in which a throat specialist makes a statement; and to the fourteenth, which deals with the way in which the County Council have fulfilled their promise that searching inquiries should be made and a report sent to our correspondent.

The matter cannot rest where it stands; our columns are open to any explanation the Council may think fit to send us.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WORK.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINION.

I have heard most of your big men speak, within Parliament and without, and what I notice is this. They are losing faith in themselves quickly. And your bourgeoisie is losing faith in them.

"Damn your principles, stick to your Party," your great Palmerston said many years ago. Five years ago every Englishman still had his Party, though he liked to say he had his principles as well. He thought for himself NEVER. Because his father was a Liberal or Conservative, he was a Liberal or Conservative, too, and followed blindly what his Party said. But the Englishman now—pooh! He idolises no Party leader. He agrees with some of the principles of this one, some of the principles of that. But secretly he laughs at both. I ask your bourgeois what he is, Liberal or Conservative. He replies "Neither." "But do you not vote?" I inquire incredulously, for he lives in a big suburban district where all who dwell are alike, and 30,000 votes were cast last year. "Oh, yes," he replies, "I voted in November. —— was the least bad of the two candidates, so I voted for him. But this Party Government is the curse of the place. The country's going to the dogs!" This slow bourgeois, whose family has been Liberal or Conservative by tradition for generations, to say that! So changed!

"But if your country is going to the dogs," I answer my bourgeois friend, "what are you doing to avert a catastrophe so terrible? How do you think the country can be saved? The Business Government that JOHN BULL suggests?"

And then perhaps he puckers up his mouth, and shakes his head sadly. "That Bottomley—wonderful man—but City past—scandal—cases in court—enemies—too much mud," he says, just like that, in little incoherent jerks; the meaning of it being that though in his opinion Mr. Bottomley is on the right track, he is too severely handicapped by what people think and say about him ever to succeed. But other bourgeois friends—and these are many and they multiply every year—when I mention a Business Government, then their eyes brighten, and they throw out their chests, and they say: "Bottomley may never see the day himself, but the day will come. The Business Government will save the country from going to the dogs, and the country will owe everything to him"

It is wonderful, JOHN BULL, in how short a time you have converted so great a public opinion, and more wonderful still, that it is the middle classes that you have so completely persuaded to march under your banner. So stolid they are, so enslaved by tradition, so dull at seeing how the paid politicians deceive them. The middle classes are yours. How strong must be your case that it is so. The working classes will come over to you, it seems, though they still listen to the specious arguments of Codlin and Short. Win them over next. The aristocrats do not matter.

But there is one warning that I must utter, JOHN BULL. There is a parallel in La Belle France, too. That is why I speak. You must not so sicken the bourgeoisie by denunciation as to drive them from politics altogether. Drive home to them, by all means, the knowledge that British politics *as played at present* is a game in which the professional politicians and the (what you say) "carpet baggers" flourish and grow fat, but that is not to encourage them to take less part in politics, but more.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A KING'S RETIREMENT.

[*The Rev. H. G. Heaven, the "king" of Lundy Island, after spending practically all his life amongst his people, is, at the age of eighty-four, leaving them and returning to the main land.*]

The men of Lundy are without their king,
Who used to rule them and who used to pray for them;
The king has gone, and to complete the thing,
Has turned the countenance of Heaven away from them.

TO PRESERVE THE NEEDLE.

[*Cleopatra's Needle, having become weather-beaten, is now in the hands of workmen, who will apply a coating of preservative, to guard against the destructive London climate.*]

Come, cleanse the granite obelisk,
And in the safety varnish steep it;
London prefers to run no risk—
She's got the Needle, and she'll keep it!

RICARDO.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—CLVI.

THE APPEAL OF AN ARMY RESERVIST'S WIFE.

The following is an appeal from one who signs herself an "Army Reservist's Wife." We shall be glad if any of our readers can see their way to lend a helping hand to her husband or her brother, who, we are satisfied from our enquiries, are thoroughly deserving of it. We can well understand the surprise of the wife who finds that her husband is unable to get employment because he has been in the Army. In the early prime of life, with a V.C. Certificate, he and his are faced with starvation—and the remark applies in equal degree to the brother, who has served his country for seven years in the Navy. How are we to expect young men of character and intelligence, such as is the object of the War Office authorities to recruit, to join the Army whilst this prejudice against it remains in the minds of employers?

My husband and brother have the misfortune to be ex-Service men, and they are both unable to obtain any kind of employment, although they have tried their utmost, and are both willing to undertake any kind of work possible. They were both discharged with very good characters, each having served his time, one about 7 years in the Navy and the other 8 years in the Army.

Quite recently my husband was engaged on the staff of a large well-known firm in a good position. Everything was quite satisfactory respecting references, etc. (the firm wanted references from gentlemen who knew him), but after engaging him they wrote to ask what he was employed at last. He wrote back to say he had just received his discharge from the Army with a very good character. A most unlooked for reply came to say that the firm could not entertain the idea of an ex-Service man on their staff, although he had been engaged on the recommendation of well-known gentlemen. Neither he nor yet my brother has been able to earn a penny since they got their discharges, my husband last December, my brother the early part of this year, and yet they are both well educated, young, smart looking men.

They would both go abroad where there is work to be had, but my husband being on Section A, Army Reservist, is not even permitted to go to sea, while my brother is not allowed to stay abroad. What is to be done when men are willing, have good characters, and yet can't get work through having been in the Service, and why is it people are so prejudiced against both soldiers and sailors, neither of which can be done without? I should like to know the reason, as it is a very puzzling matter to me.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CXXIX.—R. K. B., £4.

CLIV.—"Oysters," 2s.; A. K., 1s.; Anonymous, 5s.; D. S., 2s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; "Wardown," 1s.; J. E. M. (Norwich), 2s.; "Perth," 1s.; "Do unto Others, etc.," 5s.; C. D., 21s.; "Beverlac," 5s.; N. L., 6d.; W. H. M. D., 2s. 6d.; "Nora Mac," 10s.; H. B., 5s.; "A Brother," 5s.; W. D., 1s.; S. S. W., 21s.; E. B., 10s.; H. H., 1s.; "Sympathiser," 1s.

CLV.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.; E. B. K., 2s.

A MISSION TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

AN EXPLANATION.

With reference to the paragraph in our issue of August 12 under this heading, we have received a letter from Mr. Maginn, the manager of the Misssion, taking exception to some of our statements. He encloses a balance-sheet, from which it appears that not £38 but £108 3s. 4d. was employed in direct charity in 1910. The £170 for travelling and sundry expenses includes the salary and travelling expenses of the collectors, and also the travelling expenses of the missionary, and Mr. Maginn says that when it is remembered that his district consists of over nine counties in Ulster, and that long car drives over districts not covered by railways are necessary, the outlay cannot in any way be considered excessive. He adds that he has just concluded a long and extensive tour in the wilds of Donegal, and that it would have done us good to see how happy these lonely deaf were when seeing someone able to converse with them. Well, we are glad to hear that the Society is doing a good work.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page ii. of Cover.

STEAMERS AND LIFEBOATS.

SOME IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS FOR PUBLIC SAFETY.

The article on this subject in our issue of August 12th, which referred to the stranding of the *Roebuck*, a Great Western Railway boat running between Weymouth and the Channel Islands, has brought us much correspondence, and we publish two letters which seem to deserve the very careful attention of the Board of Trade. The first is from a well-known citizen of Dover, who prefers to describe himself as a "Continental Passenger." This is what he writes:—

You quote a statement by Mr. W. E. G. Davies, regarding the boats of the s.s. *Roebuck*, when she stranded on the rocks off Jersey. Mr. Davies must have been either very much mistaken, or else a grave responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Great Western Railway Company, for his statement is to the effect that the boats were stuck so fast that crowbars had to be used before they could be removed, that the davits were afterwards found almost unworkable, and that it took in all 20 minutes to effect a launching. If the *Roebuck* had meanwhile slipped into deep water, the consequences would have been too dreadful to imagine.

As a rule, when this class of passenger steamer meets with a mishap, necessitating the taking to the boats, everything has to be done in extra quick time, for these steamers are liable to sink very quickly; therefore it is all the more important that they should be equipped with the very best boat-lowering gear that can be obtained. I am a frequent traveller to the Continent *via* Dover and Folkestone, and have many times admired the way that the boats of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company steamers are worked. Every trip, as soon as the steamer leaves the pier, the boats on the side nearest the pier are swung out at once, and this is done by two men, one to each davit. The davits are marked with the name of the patentee—Captain Petts—and are so constructed that by simply turning a handle, fitted to the davit (and this could be done by the smallest of the stewards' boys) a boat can be swung out, ready for lowering, in less than a minute, no matter what angle the steamer is lying at. It is simple and always ready for use, and is the very best appliance of the kind that I have ever seen.

Now if the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company can furnish their steamers with proper life-saving appliances, there is no excuse for their neighbours, the Great Western Railway Company. From Mr. Davies's statement it is evident that the lives of the passengers on board the *Roebuck* were seriously imperilled, and everyone might have been drowned before a boat could have been launched. A most serious question has been raised, and if the Great Western Railway Company have any regard for the safety of their passengers, they ought to inquire carefully into the matter, and put it right.

Certainly, regulations considered necessary for trips between Dover and Calais are no less necessary for boats running in the dangerous waters of the Channel Islands. It is only fair to the Great Western Railway Company to say that in their newer boats—the *Roebuck* is 14 years old—the arrangements for saving life at sea are much better, but that fact does not lessen their responsibility for allowing the *Roebuck* to carry large numbers of passengers with her present imperfect boat equipment.

We have also received a letter on this subject from Mr. Herbert Samuel, a Cardiff solicitor, who writes:—

The subject requires the immediate attention of the Board of Trade. The truth of the dangerous, nay, calamitous possibilities attending sea-journeys around our coasts or neighbouring ones in pleasure steamships, must have appealed to many sharing them, yet, probably through their inertia, sensitiveness, or other cause, has failed to stir them to take the necessary steps to at any rate diminish those undoubted dangers which threaten all passengers travelling by these pleasure boats to and from various sea-bordering places.

To or from Cardiff, Newport, Bristol and numerous other places in the vicinity of the Bristol Channel, pleasure steamers ply almost daily during the summer months.

In fine weather (and very often in rough) some of the boats are literally crowded, so much so that there are at times nearly as many people standing as sitting down, the seating accommodation being too limited for a big crowd—indeed, I have experienced once or twice a difficulty in finding even standing-room on the main deck of some of the vessels. Now these steamers (and I assume they are typical of their class throughout the kingdom) carry *about* 3 boats and a certain number of life-belts—in addition to which, I am told that the deck seats are supposed to be detachable and buoyant. Thanks be to heaven, there has been no accident of any great consequence to any of these vessels within my recollection, but therein perhaps lies one of the greatest dangers—that of false security. If and when a collision should happen, even a few hundred yards from shore, the consequences to a well-filled or even sparsely-filled ship would be terrible. For, in the first place, being built for speed chiefly, they are not calculated to resist the result of even moderate violence and a comparatively small concussion at a vital spot would be sufficient to "hole" them.

Secondly, the crew that mans the ship consists in nearly every case of about 6 "*men*" (excluding officers, engineers and stewards), half of whom are in reality boys ranging by their appearance from 14 to 18 years old, who from that fact could have had but little sea experience, and in time of danger would, in my opinion, be worse than useless in any attempt to cope with the emergency.

Again, there is no daily or even less frequent life-boat practice (though such is compulsory on ocean-going passenger liners), so that an emergency would find both men and apparatus all unprepared and untested.

In conclusion, I trust that the Board of Trade will immediately:

(1) Satisfy itself of the adequacy of life-saving apparatus on board—there being only about 3 boats (never, at least to my knowledge, unslung from the davits), each of which taxed to its utmost could not hold more than 25 to 30 persons, whereas the number of passengers carried on some of the steamers more often than not exceeds 300, and very frequently reaches the maximum—varying, of course with the capacity of each one, from, I believe, 500 to 1,500.

(2) Make life-boat and life-belt practice compulsory periodically—say, once a week—when all apparatus should be tested thoroughly and practically, and those men and officers who can be spared put through practical drill and discipline.

Mr. Samuel's suggestion ought to have commended itself to the Board of Trade long ago. It is to be hoped that Mr. Buxton will give this matter his very serious and personal attention, and that he will see to it that passenger boats are not allowed to ply without every possible precaution being taken for the saving of life should a sudden accident occur.

QUEER QUOTATIONS.

FROM UNEXPECTED SOURCES.

For Mr. George R. Sims, who disagrees with the Unionist peers in their recent action:

"What then, Dagonet? Is a puppet worse than these?"

From "Bartholomew Fair," by Ben Jonson, Act V., Scene III.

For Mr. Harold Smith, M.P. (the brother of Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.):

"Mr. Harold Smith . . . also was a member of Parliament, and, as many thought, a rising man."

From "Framley Parsonage," by Anthony Trollope, Chapter II.

For The Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., and for His Grace the Duke of Marlborough:

"Nobody ever did think well of the Churchills."

From "Emma," by Jane Austen, Chapter XI.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

"TABLOID TALES."

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

II.—THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

BY OUR TAME PHRENOLOGIST.

No, sir, I couldn't do it. Five shillings is the price, and I can't accept a penny less.

Very good, sir; much obliged. I'll have the money now, if you don't mind. No offence, sir, we have to be careful; get some queer customers in here sometimes.

Before going into details, a rapid survey of your head discloses a brain formation of unusual character. The oopozootic ganglion is obviously enlarged and a little out of position. I should say, sir, that the convolutions of your brain would present some remarkable features. By the way, sir, were you much in the habit of standing on your head in your boyhood? No? You surprise me. Well, it might have been a fall in infancy.

Now, sir, the most conspicuous feature of your head is the absence of the bump of *Veneration*, indicating a want of respect for ancient institutions, venerable traditions, high social rank, and such like. No, sir, I don't altogether agree with you. A man can be a true democrat—as I hope I am—without abusing and ridiculing the great. Don't get excited, sir, if you please. Excitement, like success, sometimes makes the head swell, and I'm not here to read swellings, but to delineate faculties. Bump No. 4, *Adhesiveness*, is strongly developed, from which it may be deduced that you are a "sticker"—you may be expected to stick to your seat on the Treasury Bench as long as you decently can—and perhaps a bit longer. *Acquisitiveness*, No. 8, is very pronounced. To this prominently-developed faculty you owe your success—such as it is—as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Being poor in *Eventuality*, No. 30, the business faculty, and totally lacking in No. 12, *Cautiousness*, it naturally follows that you had only the faculty of *Acquisitiveness* to depend upon when you accepted the keys of the Exchequer. Since then, through constant use, this faculty has developed abnormally. Here it is, sir—just over the ear—like a hard-boiled egg, isn't it? No, sir, not so low as that; that's the bump of *Alimentiveness* you've got hold of. Don't care much for eating and drinking? Come, come, sir—the bumps cannot lie.

There's a protuberance here which completely baffles me. It may be the seat of some unknown faculty, but I doubt it. Phrenology has become a very exact science, and I don't think investigators have missed much. But what this lump can mean beats me. Ah, that explains it, sir. A bump you got at Birmingham during the Boer War.

These knobs on the forehead indicate *Language*. You will often notice a similar development on the forehead of a Billingsgate fish porter. It is symptomatic of fluency of speech; and, when accompanied, as in your case, with *Combativeness*, bump No. 5, often gives rise to the phenomenon known to science as variegated optic.

What trade or profession should I recommend you to adopt in the event of you losing your present job? Well, sir, that is rather a difficult question to answer. You see, where you possess one well-developed faculty you lack some other necessary to make the first effective. So far as *Language* alone is concerned, you might succeed as a racing tipster. But then, again, you lack both *Form* and *Weight*. I am very much afraid you would have to fall back on the Law, sir. So long as a lawyer has the gift of the gab, he can dispense with all the remaining mental faculties.

You don't mean to say you're going, sir? Well, if you've had enough ——!

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY AND ITS CLIENTS.

REFUNDING PREMIUMS FRAUDULENTLY OBTAINED.

In 1907 an agent induced Mrs. E. Weiss, of 19, South Croxted Road, West Dulwich, to take out a policy on the life of her husband, who knew nothing of the proposal. Mrs. Weiss continued the payment of the premiums, 6d. per week, until May 8th, 1911, when, disturbed by what we were saying about the Prudential and its methods, she made enquiries which satisfied her that her policy was illegal. She thereupon communicated with the Head Office. In accordance with their practice, they sent a representative to see Mrs. Weiss, who did his best without success, to persuade her that everything was right. She thereupon referred to the Head Office, who replied to her representations in a letter dated June 30th, signed by Mr. A. J. Thompson, which runs as follows:—

> Since seeing you with reference to this matter we have made full enquiries, and have every reason to believe that the proposal upon which the policy was issued is in order. We are therefore unable to accede to your request.

The request was that the Company should give a specific guarantee that the policy would be honoured upon maturity.

Upon the receipt of this letter Mrs. Weiss sent her son to Holborn Bars, where he asked to see the proposal form, he having told the management that Mr. Weiss did not sign the form, that it was not signed by Mrs. Weiss, and therefore it must have been signed by the agent or someone else connected with the Office. The management refused to let him see the proposal. Mrs. Weiss summoned the Company in the Lambeth Court for the amount of the premiums paid, £7 1s. This was on July 20th. A day or two afterwards she had a visit from the agent, who assured her that the policy was quite valid. She, however, would not be convinced, and a day or two later the agent called with the superintendent. They said much what the agent had said before, and her answer remained the same. Once more a few days elapsed, and then the superintendent called and offered to transfer the premiums paid on the life of Mr. Weiss to the credit of an insurance to be taken out on the life of Mrs. Weiss. Mrs. Weiss refused. Then another man called and told her that he was prepared to swear that he saw a man in her room at the time the policy was taken out, and that he was a witness to her signature. She replied to that statement by reminding the man of the penalties attached to perjury. The man then said that the agent Lamb, who had taken out the policy, was in Canada. The lady said that was not true, as she happened to know that he was in London conducting a picture show. Thereupon her visitor left her. Finally the superintendent called and showed her a letter from the Head Office addressed to himself, which runs as follows:—

> As we are unable to trace the assured, and the claim is a very small one, we enclose cheque for £5 8s., which you are to hand to Mrs. W. upon her returning to you the policy and premium paying books, and giving an undertaking to give notice to withdraw the summons.

Mrs. Weiss refused to accept the £5 8s., made up of £5 1s. premiums paid, and 7s. County Court costs, unless the Company paid her 6s. 6d. for out of pocket expenses in travelling to London to enforce her claim. This the Company refused to do. Mrs. Weiss refused to retire from the position she had taken up against the Company, and the Company solved the knot by going to the Lambeth County Court and paying the £5 8s.

We congratulate Mrs. Weiss upon having compelled the Company to refund the £5 1s. obtained from her by fraud, and the 7s. cost of the County Court proceedings taken out to obtain restoration. But what is to be said of the methods of this Company, with its assets of 80 million sterling, and its juggling when legitimate claims are made upon it? Suppose Mrs. Weiss had been a weaker woman, or a woman without a few shillings to go to a County Court to fight this mammoth Company? That is to say, supposing Mrs. Weiss had been in the position of tens of thousands of Industrial policy holders in the Prudential Assurance Company, what would have been the result? The course pursued by the Company in its dealings with Mrs. Weiss may, in the Company's opinion, be honest dealing as between Company and client, but we think the public will be disposed to describe it in very different language.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

What a difference in a theatre when a play is in full swing and when it is being laboriously hammered into existence at a rehearsal! Instead of dainty damsels with glittering gauds and intoxicating smells, merry young men whispering airy nothings into shell-like ears, all the exuberance of the idle rich in their desperate effort after excitement, you have anxious rows of the mummers' friends and dependants. A chorus-girl's maid of all-work sits cheek by jowl with admirers or brothers in careless tweeds, vociferous in their sporadic applause whenever they catch sight of their particular pet, but wrapt in gloomy silence all the rest of the time.

A Stage Sahara.

The stage is an uncarpeted wilderness, littered apparently in hopeless confusion with every variety of accessory, known, I understand, in mummers' language, as "props." Crowds of men and women are huddled uncomfortably against the wall at the back and whisper nervously underneath a huge notice enjoining Silence. They might be wall-flowers at a fancy dress ball with all their variety of costumes, from the silks and satins of society to villain's velvet or costermonger costume. Apart from the footlights the house is almost in darkness, but you may distinguish the conductor in his shirt sleeves and behind him two or three watchful persons wearing straw hats and smoking cigarettes.

The Pasha of the Playhouse.

One of these has been at work for many weeks organising all the details of the play, endeavouring to make everything go like clockwork. Another is the dreaded "Guvnor." He has probably only looked in occasionally at previous rehearsals, and now has little idea whether the dress rehearsal will reveal a finished or an unfinished article. From six in the afternoon till after midnight, perhaps even till three or four in the morning, he will hammer away at the piece and the performers like a sergeant drilling recruits. I am struck in the first place by the absolutism of his autocracy. Everyone in the house is as much under his despotism as a crowd of slaves on a plantation. Someone giggles in the stalls. "Now, look here," he cries, "this is a serious job. If anyone is amused he can just clear out at once." We feel as though we are on the point of being ordered out for the lash. He calls for actors and actresses singly or in crowds, and inspects them like so much cattle. The details of their raiment are gone through with great care and rapidity. "Put out your foot. Oh, do look alive about it, we don't want to stay here all night. For Heaven's sake look alive. That buckle won't do at all. Send Mrs. So-and-so at once. Why isn't she here?"

The Mummers' Martinet.

It is all much more than military discipline. Even Kitchener in all his glory could not be such a martinet. The least little hitch and there is a storm. Suppose that a crowd of stage waiters have to bring on little tables and luncheon hampers and bottles of champagne while the villain is singing an amorous declaration to the leading lady. There is too much noise, or the tables are not placed in a convenient position, or the champagne bottles are forgotten. The "Guvnor" raises his hand and shouts out something which might be "Cease firing," or "Shoulder arms." Instantly the man at the piano stops playing, the villain desists from his passionate professions, and all the waiters stand like shivering schoolboys. "That won't do at all. We must have it all over again. Take the things away and bring them back properly."

All the comically clad waiters return, more serious and nervous than ever, bewildered by their ungainly tables and hampers. The villain's love becomes more and more fiery, when a pair of hands are clapped like thunder and a loud groan reverberates across the stage. Again the whole scene is frozen as though it were in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Our friend is growing angry and takes no trouble to conceal his emotions. The business must be done all over again, perhaps half a dozen times, the storms of threats and imprecations grow in volume and violence until there is almost a panic among the trembling victims of the great man's wrath. They scarcely know what they are doing now and will soon arrange the tables upside down or do something really foolish. "Lazy blanks, I have a good mind to sack the whole lot of them. Good Heaven! I suppose I must show you how to do it myself." To my inexperienced eye improvements are not very obvious. But he seems satisfied with them, and the love scene is allowed to proceed.

The Autocrat of the Boards.

What an extraordinary mixture of patience and impatience. A whole passage in the play, known I am told as a "number," is repeated over and over again, until everybody is weary and angry, but the "Guvnor" seems ready to go on till doomsday if every detail has not been arranged to his entire satisfaction. "Where is Miss So-and-so? Not here? Why isn't she here?" A pale pink girl trips forward in trepidation and is rated roundly. She has some excuse, but he will not listen to it. Perhaps a little less brusqueness is shown towards the more important members of the company, certainly they are not yelled at so savagely. Still, he is quite ready to part with any member of the company at a moment's notice at the first sign of impatience or insubordination.

Stage Fright.

During all the long hours I watched this strange performance I felt myself growing angrier and angrier over the despotism of the "Guvnor"; but no one made the faintest comment—there was not even the slightest shrug or frown of deprecation. Of course the explanation is that each was dependent upon his place for a living and knew that the smallest resistance meant instant dismissal. Until you see peaceful picketing outside the stage doors, the broughams of blacklegs overturned and a manager's ears nailed to the walls of his green-room, there can be but little hope of securing mummers' rights.

The Stage Atmosphere.

On the other hand, I find that no actor or actress is in the least surprised or shocked by such a scene as that which I have described. They tell you that a dress rehearsal is a very troublesome business, and if it were not conducted with great firmness there would be no hope of perfection for the piece. They may admit that they would work better if they were not flustered by shouting and scolding, but they take the tone that they and the manager are all working for one object and that they must not be too touchy. There is certainly an atmosphere which is peculiar to the stage. I suppose that is what people mean when they talk about Bohemianism. Here is an illustration. The "Guvnor" suddenly said to the conductor. "Now you talk to them." So the conductor rose and began a little speech. "Ladies and Gentlemen—" "Don't call them ladies and gentlemen," the manager interrupted angrily, "that is not the way to talk to them. Call them 'Boys and Girls.'"

Damn you, Dear.

Again, there is the manager's habit of addressing every actress as "dear," and every actor as "old man," or "old chap," even when he is at his angriest and rudest. It is a sort of stage convention to replace Sir and Madam or the use of the name. Sometimes the name of the character in the play is used instead, but that is only when it is necessary to distinguish one "dear" or one "old chap" from another. To the outsider these terms of affection sound somewhat funny when uttered harshly in connection with stern reprimands. Here is a case in point: "I told you to look at the conductor while you were singing. Why the devil can't you do it, dear?" "But I really did." "No you didn't, dear, or if you did you must be cross-eyed." I remember a man taking a young lady to see the late Sir Augustus Harris in view of an engagement. When the great manager quite naturally called her "my dear," the other was so much annoyed by the familiarity that he bounced her out of the room at once and prevented her obtaining the desire of her heart. I suppose the theory of this etiquette is the establishment of a kind of brotherhood or family feeling or freemasonry in the profession, but it does not seem to work out quite like that in practice.

The Sweetness of Notoriety.

So far as I can see, acting must be a dog's life. Yet there seems to be no end to the crowds of people who become stage-struck and are ready to make any sacrifice, submit to any humiliation, for the excitement of strutting about on the boards.

Chairman.

And he who does not smoke it knows not the pleasure of him who does.

'Tis fragrant and comforting, and cool to the tongue; pleasant in flavour and always satisfactory. It lightens the burden and cheers the way.

In its smoking excellence and fineness of quality there is no other like it.

Boardman's is the same tobacco, milder, and
Recorder the same, but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. everywhere. R. J. LEA, LTD., MANCHESTER.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

Dear John,—I was glad to see you taking a hand in the Strike settlement. You have been out of the limelight too long. Despite all your enemies, you are still the strongest personality in the Labour world, and I am not at all surprised to hear that you soon wore down the opposition when, after a lapse of twenty-two years, you once more found yourself amongst the dockers. What a crowd of reflections must have filled your mind! You congratulated them upon their transition from an "unorganised mob" to a disciplined force of workers; but surely there was a touch of irony in your exhortation to them to apply their increased pay to their "moral and social uplifting." How much uplifting can you get for a shilling—especially when the kiddies want new boots? No, John, leave this canting nonsense to others. Your preaching days are over. I notice, too, that Ramsay Macdonald has been telling the railway men that they must now lead "clean and God-fearing lives"—the bounder! It is their bellies and not their souls that they struck about. Oh, for a real Labour leader! By the way, have you heard what Ramsay's post in the Government is to be?

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor, Bradford-on-Avon.

Dear Mr Mayor,—I notice you have had before you a cripple—a man who has lost the use of both legs—on a charge of placing himself in a position for the purpose of gathering alms, and you will permit me to say that I do not think you gave sufficient consideration to the fact that he would probably not have been in a position to gather alms if he had been in a position to gather his legs. A policeman saw this helpless creature seated on a small platform outside the gates of Victoria Park, apparently with the approval, and, I dare say, with the occasional patronage, of the Chairman of the Parks Committee. The man had an organette beside him, but he was not playing it. This was apparently the opportunity of the policeman to order the poor devil away, and as he "could not go until he was fetched," the policeman summoned him. I have said "as," your worship, but I have not much doubt in my own mind that this officer had been specially instructed to await his chance to prove an offence in consequence of the "complaints of some ladies in the district that the organette was an intolerable nuisance." It was not revealed who these ladies were, or where they lived. It was not even proved that the organette had caused them any annoyance. In the result, this man, without legs, with a wife and three children to support, is not allowed to support himself by means of his organette, and therefore I have no scruple in advising him to join a German band. I am aware, your worship, that a man without legs has no business to have a wife and three children; it is entirely his own fault.

I shall be glad to learn whether the august chief of police in your immortal town is as blind in one eye as the musician at the park gates is deficient of two legs? Has he never noticed a man standing by the street kerb turning the handle of a piano-organ upon which is an inscription explaining that he is a poor but respectable citizen, doomed to this horrible life because he has no work to do? Has he never seen the Captains of the Salvation Army throw down their hats in the middle of the streets and order the sounding of trumpets and drums and concertinas and tambourines while the populace throw in their contributions? If he has seen these things, why does he not summon the offenders so that your worship may bind them over to keep the peace? How is it that he sees at one side of the street half an Englishman with an organette and cannot see on the other a whole Italian with a wheezy accordeon and a monkey on a string? I can come to no other conclusion than that it is because he is ocularly deficient. He has my sympathy and, as for your worship, who threatens the dire donjeon for such dastardly crimes as "illicit trading"—to wit, the sale of bootlaces without a licence—well, I shall keep my eye on you.

John Bull.

To Herbert Hill, Collier, Penygraig, near Porth.

Sir,—I am writing to you, Hill, because I see in you a more than ordinarily revolting type of savage. Because a neighbour's dog killed a small duck of yours, you took the first opportunity of cutting out the poor brute's tongue and then buried it alive. I raise my hat to the man who eventually dug out the suffering creature and put an end to its miseries; also to the Porth stipendiary who sent you to gaol for two months with hard labour, assuring you that I should not have complained if he had doubled the sentence. It makes one shudder to think there are men so inhuman as to inflict these sufferings upon dumb creatures—helpless in their fiendish hands. If I were you I should not return to Penygraig when you "come out"—go somewhere where people do not know sufficient of you to shun you as a living example of a man more brutal than the lowest brutes.

John Bull.

To the Chief Constable, Police Office, Sunderland.

Excellency,—News having reached me that one of your enterprising police officers, hearing a lad discoursing upon a mouth organ for the joy of his companions, seized his musical instrument, took his name and address, and summoned him before the magistrates, by whom he was fined half-a-crown, I am writing to recommend the said policeman for instant promotion to the rank of sergeant. I don't know whether it is the weather, but somehow or other many policemen up and down the country have not been as much appreciated as they should be. *Entre nous*, I should not raise a hair if the gallant officer aforementioned were suddenly to pounce upon somebody playing the bag-pipes, read the Riot Act, rip open the bladder, and arrest the operator for conduct calculated to incite to public disorder. Assure him of my deep interest in his future career.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, Board of Guardians, Croydon.

Dear Chair,—I notice, from a recent issue of the local *Guardian*, that "for many years past the old people and other imbeciles have enjoyed, as a summer outing, a visit to the Crystal Palace, but that this year they have been to Bognor." Let me congratulate the Treat Committee on the success of their efforts. The old people permit me to state that for what they have received they are truly thankful, and that their obligations to the committee and the subscribers will be greatly increased if you will ask the editor of the *Guardian* "who he is a-insulting of."

John Bull.

To the Rev. H. . Powell, The Vicarage, Shirehampton.

Rev. and Dear Friend,—What a thing it is to be merry and bright! Reading in your parish magazine the other day, I perceive the question of sponsors in holy baptism was "brought prominently before your notice" last month. "And this was on Sunday morning, ten minutes before morning service, when the would-be godfather was to be seen twenty yards from the church with a *Lloyd's News* in his hands and John Bull in his pocket . . . a man who can thus treat the Sabbath is not a fit man to be a godfather." Ah, my friend, my dear *good* friend, let me say, it is a wicked world, and few can hope to achieve your heights of holiness. But do not be downhearted. Keep merry and bright and do everything possible to stimulate the collections, and one of these days all will come right—even godfathers.

I observe that on the opposite page of your magazine you say that the Bishop had recently accused you of having "completely lost self-control." Have you had *another* "brain storm"?

John Bull.

Lloyd George, Everywhere.

Congratulations on part you have once more played as Industrial Peacemaker. A weaker President of the Board of Trade would have been afraid to call you in. Together, you were a combination hard to beat. Am proud of you both.

Bull.

John Bull Readers.

Look out for my millionth copy—it is worth £500.

Bull.

A FAMOUS "VICTORY."

JOHN BULL: "Why don't you call it a truce?"

AUGUST 26TH, 1911.

JOHN BULL.

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JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The Settlement of the Great Strike—and After.

The settlement of the great Railway strike did not come a moment too soon, for although the large majority of the railway companies maintained a restricted service remarkably well, great hardships for the poor and for children, combined with a disastrous dislocation of all industries, would have had to be faced. The view of the City, of course, is that it all originated in the placing of the working-man on too high a pedestal by the hot-headed members of the Cabinet and in the Limehouse speeches; but every credit is due to the Government for having finally acted with a strong hand. The question is, what next? Provided the arbitration proceedings pass off smoothly, there should follow a general recovery in *Home Railway Stocks*, as the strike has not lasted long enough to cause heavy losses, while some increase in wages will doubtless have to be faced. *Home Industrials* have not really fallen much, and, by a happy idea, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for once caused *Consols* to be supported at the worst period at 78¼. Foreigners and *Foreign Rails* have not suffered, and the severe fall in *Yankees* and in *Canadian Pacifics* had nothing to do with the English strikes. There was, however, quite sufficient basis for the break in *Yankees*, and those will be wise who will, instead, go into *Kaffir* and *Rhodesian Mines*. Both had given way in sympathy with the surrounding depression, although their intrinsic position is excellent. The four failures on the Stock Exchange this settlement were unimportant, and due to losses in *Yankees*, in which various other members were, moreover, helped over. Oil shares have suffered most and should now be bought, especially *Maikops*, while rubber shares are also likely to benefit. And do not let us forget that the holiday-makers are returning, that investors have done nothing for a month or two, and that a strong investment movement is therefore overdue.

Mining Markets will Probably Gain in Investors' Favour—Buying of Options in Chartereds—Kaffirs Steadier.

There is every prospect of *South African Mines* coming into favour again with British investors to replace American Railroad stocks, which are at present out of favour, and the settlement of the Railway strike, which had put prices down, should now also put them up again. I, therefore, advise my readers who are holders of *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* to stick tight to their shares and to buy more, as some time this autumn a smart rise is expected. It is no secret that the great South African houses have been picking up *Kaffir* shares right and left, and they will most certainly advance these shares again. In the meantime, upwards of four millions sterling have been distributed in *Kaffir* dividends, and at the last pay-day a very great number of shares were quoted ex dividend. The *Central Mining* dividend of 6s. per share, which has just been announced, compares with the previous half-yearly distribution of 10s. per share, but no more was anticipated. *Consolidated Goldfields* are now quoted 4 15-32, *Rand Mines* 7⅛ x.d., *Crown Mines* 7¾ x.d., *New Goch* 1 1/16 x.d., *Meyer and Charlton* 3⅛ x.d., *East Rand Props.* 4⅜ x.d. In the *Rhodesian* market it was noticeable that *Chartereds* were at one time weak, but when the price fell to 28s. 9d. a large number of options were bought, 1s. 10½d. per share being given for the call by knowing operators, who apparently are looking for a rally to at least 40s. The various other *Rhodesians* which are good to buy have already been repeatedly mentioned. In *West Africans* there is as yet no buying movement, and even *Prestea Block "A"* are flat at 1 1/16. Amongst *West Australians, Ida "H"* have improved to 7s. as this mine is about to resume crushings on September 2, and the news of the borings, both north and south, is satisfactory. Other *West Australians* are mostly dull, but *Barriers* are very strong on the Colonial demand. *Tin* is firm at 190½, and *Nigerian* shares are upon the whole steady, *Lucky Chance* having improved to ⅜. *Copper Mines* have been lower, and *Copper* is also dull, the weakness of *American Rails* overshadowing also *Copper*, that market being really controlled from New York.

"Bears" of Oils do their Worst—An Instructive Table—What to Buy.

I think I am justified in saying that the Bears of oil shares, and especially of the Maikop division, have now done their worst. In fact, the market is so oversold, and there has been such a wholesale clearance of Bull positions, that the purchase of only a few shares puts the dealers into a fluster at once, so that now that the Railway strike is over this department will be amongst the first to benefit. The initial development of a new field or of a new industry is always attended by mistakes, which more or less upset calculations for a time. The Maikop Field has proved no exception to the rule, but as those in control appear to have learnt their lesson, the temporary troubles of the past should eventually prove a blessing in disguise. Meantime, the following table of the course of prices should prove very instructive:—

	Make Up end April, '10.	Make Up end Dec., '10.	Make Up end Mar. '11.	Present prices.
Anglo-Maikop	1¼ pm.	1 1-16	1 19-32	15-16
Black Sea	1 pm.	⅛	1 1-32	⅛
Burmah	5⅛	3 13-16	3 15-16	3 5-16
Egypt A	4⅛	4 13-16	3⅛	2⅛
Kern River	—	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	6s. 6d.
Lobitos	38s. 6d. xd	27s.	1 1-16	12s.
Ldn. Maikop	⅛ pm.	5-32 dis.	3-32 dis.	7-16 dis
Maikop Produce	—	13-16	11-16	7-16
Maikop Pipeline	—	27-32	19s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Maikop Premier	—	13-16	27-32	⅛
Maikop Spies	1⅛	13s.	13s. 9d.	7-16
Maikop Victory	—	—	5-16 pm.	3-16 dis
Mex. Eagle	—	20s. 6d.	1⅛	2s.
Premier O. & P.	—	13s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Red Seas	—	1 13-16	1 5-16	13-16
Shells	95s.	79s. 6d.	88s. 3d.	78s. 3d.
Spies	33s. 6d.	29s. 3d.	32s.	30s.
Ural Cspn.	—	7-16	⅛	⅛

The top prices of Maikop shares reached early last year were, perhaps, not altogether justified, but the *débâcle* has brought them to an altogether too low a level, and those who can pay for and take up their shares would be well-advised to buy, in the first place, *Black Seas* at ¾, and *Maikop Victorys* at 3/16 discount. Then, again, *Anglo-Maikop* are no better than ⅛, while *London and Maikop* are obtainable at only 1/16 discount. Yet a cablegram from the last-mentioned Company states that, whilst fishing for sand pump, well No. 4 spouted for about ten minutes to the top of the derrick, producing about 800 poods. Surely this again affords proof positive of the excellent oil-bearing character of the Maikop strata! Important news may also be expected shortly from the *Maikop Valley*, as water on plot 460 has been successfully shut off and heavy oil appeared at 854 feet. The fountain cap has been installed. Latest news from the *Maikop Victory* is very good, as No. 1 well opened on the 16th, gave 16,000 poods in 8 hours, also on 17th inst. and still spouting strongly.

Rubber Remarkably Firm—Shares Marking Time—Favourable Outlook.

The remarkable firmness of the rubber market has been one of the few redeeming features of late, and is due to the fact that most of the Plantation Companies have now sold their outputs well forward, thus being assured of considerable profits for some time to come, while the prudent dividend policy recently adopted places them in a very strong financial position. Although this is the quietest trade period of the year, the supplies of rubber are really not in excess of ordinary requirements, while, as soon as conditions improve, there is bound to be an increased demand for rubber, which will at once tell upon prices. Nor does the labour position on the Plantations now give rise to any uneasiness, as the increased wages being paid are attracting greater numbers of coolies from Southern India. Of late, rubber shares have been more or less marking time, apart from occasional little spasms, caused by sales on the part of operators who have been obliged to raise the wind in order to meet their engagements in other directions. The shares so offered have been readily absorbed, and at the last settlement but a normal account was disclosed, while, in some cases, notably in *Vallambrosa*, a backwardation of actually 6d. per share was exacted from some of the Bears. This denotes a very strong market position, and I look for a steady improvement in rubber shares—but no boom! The experiences of the past have taught a good many people a lesson, and the rubber-share market of the future is likely to be more or less of an investment character. There will, of course, be plenty of opportunities for speculation, but so long as people know what they are buying, and do not go beyond their depth, no harm can be done. I still pin my fancy, chiefly, to the leading shares, such as *Linggis* at 39s. 3d., *Vallambrosa* at 27s. 6d., and *Anglo-Malay* at 16s. 3d. Amongst the cheaper shares, *Labu* are worth attention at 8s. 3d., as are *Asiatics* at 9s. 9d. and *United Sumatra* at 7s.—and if my readers can manage to buy such shares on any temporary reactions, so much the better.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but as token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Sweepstakes.—Cewydryn.—You evidently refer to the Calcutta Sweepstake, which is got up by the Calcutta Club, but this is only arranged two or three months before Derby Day, and it is in connection with that race that it is formed every year. You are, therefore, too late for the last, and far too early for the next.

Emigration Agency.—J. C. Abdu.—It is impossible for me to give you the name of a firm to lend you this money. Your plan would be to advertise in the daily press.

Irregular Claim.—Belle (Glasgow).—This is very mean behaviour on the part of your creditor, but he is technically right, and you must do the best you can. Perhaps your trustee can bring him to reason.

Duncan Forbes and Company.—Perplexed.—(1) The address of the Official Receiver is Carey Street, London, W.C. The making of the claim will entail no obligations on your part. The documents are returned. D. W. L.—(1) You should write to the Official Receiver, at Carey Street, London, W.C., and send in your claim to him, as the matter is in bankruptcy. (2) I should advise you not to have anything to do either with these people. J. M. (Ballater).—You would have found all the necessary particulars in John Bull, if you had only read either the City article or the correspondence. This firm of outside brokers have failed, and the partners are being prosecuted by the authorities. If you want to send your claim in, you should address it to the Official Receiver, Carey Street, London, W.C.

Gilt-Edged Investments.—Iris.—Either would be suitable; also Western Australian 3½ per cent. I do not think you could buy less than £100 of each.

Income Tax.—W. B. C.—In dealing with such questions, you had better consult specialists, such as the Income Tax Recovery Agency, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C. They will tell you exactly where you stand.

Industrial Shares.—H. L.—There is no regular market for these shares, and a sale would have to be a matter of negotiation, either through a stockbroker, or through an advertisement in the daily press.

£1,000 for Investment.—M. P.—Put the money into the following securities:—Western Australian 3½ per cent., at 96; City of Toronto 3½ per cent. bonds, at 94; Japanese 4 per cent., at 92; Great Central 3½ per cent. Preference, at 83; Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Guaranteed, at 95.

Randfontein.—Randolph.—(1) As a matter of precaution, and until the whole mill had fully got into its stride. The dividend should be a substantial one at the end of the year. (2) This must largely depend upon when No. 1 gets a dividend. (3) A falling-off in the grade of ore, which has now, however, been pretty well discounted. (4) When the Kaffir market generally braces up again.

Obscure Cornish Mine.—Miner.—This concern does not even appear in the usual books of reference, and I am sorry, therefore, that I cannot help you in the matter.

£300 Investment.—E. S.—I do not recommend either of the investments in question. Either put the money into a gilt-edged security, like Western Australian 3½ per cent. bonds, at 96, or in Home Railway stocks, such as North-Western Railway stock at the present low price.

Oil Shares.—F. N.—I should like to point out to you, and to my other readers, that when I recommended Black Sea Oilfields Ordinary in the first place, these stood at only 18s., and that long before they reached their top price of 37s. I recommended taking profits. There has since been a drop to about 13-16, but in view of the explanation of the present position, as set forth in my article, it should be worth while now averaging your holding. W. T.—You are only entitled to the bonus if you take your proportion of shares up. The whole thing is, of course, a gamble, but not an unpromising one. Nicol Jarvie.—The Company should get over its temporary troubles, but meantime you might defer averaging until the position has quite righted itself. Nos. 2 and 3 are promising, but highly speculative; hold, but do not average yet.

Lottery Tickets or City of Paris Bond.—R. H.—I cannot help you with buying lottery tickets, as these are illegal in this country, but the City of Paris Bonds or other Premium Bonds are bought and sold daily, and some of these are distinctly attractive. I send you the name and address of a respectable foreign banker in London, who makes a speciality of them, and who will treat your fairly.

Rubbers and Oils.—X. Y. Z.—These Rubber and Oil shares have been affected by the general depression. (1) Yes, join the reconstruction. (2) Hold, but do not average until the Oil market takes a permanent turn for the better.

South-Eastern Preferred.—A. H. M. (Chatham).—South-Eastern Preferred are entitled to 6 per cent. dividend per annum, before the Deferred get anything. The last two half-yearly dividends were paid as follows:—1 per cent. and 5 per cent., making a total of 6 per cent. for the year; the yield is, of course, based on the total distribution. Your other remarks are uncalled for, and you must have been suffering from a nervous attack when penning your letter. No one is free from mistakes, but in the present instance it is you who have been labouring under a misapprehension.

Six Stocks.—Novice.—(1) A good Bank share. (2) A promising Home Rail. (3) I hesitate to recommend a purchase after the big rise which has already occurred. (4) The London banks would be preferable. (5) Midland Deferred are amongst the pick of the Home Railway bunch. (6) A fair Industrial holding, but do not put too much money into it.

Rot No. 1.—Diogenes.—(1) I think you can do better in other shares, Rhodesians, for instance. (2) A fair share amongst low-priced Rubbers.

Home v. American Rails.—J. B. P.—Home Rails are distinctly preferable to Americans, especially when the labour troubles have been adjusted, which should soon be the case. Speculation in Yankees is even more than usually risky at the present juncture, in view of the unfavourable crop outlook.

Various Shares.—New York.—(1) Fair prospects, but you can do better in leading Gold Mining shares. (2) Good prospects, but dividends will not probably be paid before the end of the year. (3) I cannot tell yet, but Maikop Victory would be preferable at the present juncture.

Colonial Coal Deposits.—A. M. (Swansea).—You wish me to give you the name of a firm who would facilitate development of some splendid coal fields, discovered by two prospectors in one of the Colonies. I know of no such firm just now, but perhaps amongst those seeing this reply there may be someone interested in the matter.

Rex Gold Mines.—Alpha and Omega.—This is a mine in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal. The shares have declined, but there is a fair prospect of a recovery. The shares are not much dealt in, and that is why they have not a quotation in the newspapers.

Outside Brokers.—S. C. B.—You say that the outside brokers you mention have always paid you hitherto, but that they now owe you £40 16s., which you cannot get from them, as they say they must get a new partner before making payment. These people are to my knowledge owing a great deal of money to clients, and I do not think they will get a partner. You had better go for them through a solicitor at once. The documents are returned. Miss R. (Benenden).—I note that you have not been able to get a settlement of your claim from William Harrold and Co., of Moorgate Chambers, Finsbury Pavement. They seem to owe you £9 10s. 6d. If you had asked me beforehand whether you should deal with these people, I should have told you not to do so. The only thing to do, if you think it worth while, is to employ a solicitor to try and obtain your money. J. P.—I do not know the firm of outside brokers with whom you have had some dealings. It is evidently a bucket-shop, with whom you ought not to have dealt. Your only chance is to try what the solicitor can do for you. Cross (Liverpool).—I am afraid that you have not got much chance of getting any money out of these people, as they have now vanished. As regards the other firm, after your experience, I should think you would be cured of dealing with outside brokers. No. 2 is certainly not to be recommended, and No. 1 may be fairly respectable, but I do not know anything about their means.

Industrial Development Corporation.—Ichabod.—I am sorry to hear that you have not yet received your money from these people, but I cannot help you in the matter. You must act on the advice of your solicitor. In future, do not deal with such outside brokers.

Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts, Limited.—M. R. C. S.—You will find that in John Bull of July 29th, I published a special paragraph, from which you will see that I consider the 7½ per cent. Participating Preference shares as very promising.

House Purchase Certificate.—Auld Ayr.—I certainly should advise you to claim the money now, but, of course, I cannot tell you what delay may occur.

House Purchase Through Society.—Y.Z.—I do not recommend dealing with these people. They are not treating their members fairly, and you had better steer clear of them. Worried.—I am sorry to hear that the Provident Assurance Society of London, Limited, have exercised their rights, and that after 8½ years' payment they have forfeited your claim, putting the house up for sale and obtaining judgment against you. I do not see how I can help you, as, apparently, these conditions were stipulated at the time when you took out the Bond.

Fair Play.—I cannot take notice of anonymous communications. Why do you not give your name and address?

[A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Injury to Right Hand.—Marble.—I am sorry to hear of your accident, and that you have not been able to get what you consider sufficient compensation from the insurance company, the name of which you do not state. If they have really paid you £135, less your solicitor's charges, I should think that you will have to rest content, as the company would hardly be responsible for non-employment after your hand is getting right.

"A Hint."—Scottie (Broxburne).—No, the Company to which we referred is not the one you name. We thank you for your offer *re* distribution.

Prudential Assurance Company.—C. W. C. (Wynberg, S.A.).—We think you had better continue paying the premiums until you come home again, when you should see the head office and try to come to terms with them. Mrs. S. (Swansea).—You must send us more particulars if we are to advise you. F. S. N. (Barnes).—The agent's advice, in this particular instance, seems quite sound. H. A. B. (Selhurst).—The matter will have early attention. P. P. (Paddington).—Your policy is illegal. We will see what can be done upon the facts as you state them. A. W. M. (Leicester).—We will write you upon the subject of your letter shortly. There can be no doubt, if the facts are as you state them, that the moneys are recoverable. G. M. (Ontario).—The matter will have attention. J. W. B. (Edinburgh).—We think you have done quite right. A. H.—Unless, which does not appear to have been the case, you insured for the purpose of funeral expenses, your policies are not enforceable. Hangle-foot (Crouch End).—It is impossible for us to answer your questions without seeing the policy.

City Life Assurance Co.—M. A. C. (Dartford).—We think you had better send us the papers and we will go through them carefully.

Mutual Life Assurance Company of New York.—C. W. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You could see by carefully reading the policy whether the conditions are those described by the General Manager. Let us see the papers and any correspondence you may have had with the Company.

Provident Association of London.—F. H. (Chelsea).—We do not know of any Company that would do the insurance you want, nor is it, in our opinion, necessary. There is no doubt whatever that the Association will carry out its obligations to you. The trouble is that frequently bond holders do not master the conditions of the contract until they have been paying in for several years, and then they suddenly find these conditions to be different from what they expected. Y. R. N. (Luton).—The Association has been established for many years, and is financially strong.

Royal London Friendly Society.—J. M. (Waterloo).—Deformity under the circumstances described by you could be no proper plea as against payment. We will consider what is best to be done in the matter.

Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co.—Satisfaction (Harringay).—There appears to have been misdirection; still we do not see how you could recover in this country.

Sun Life Assurance Company.—T. E. B. (Leytonstone).—Genuine? Of course it is. It has been in the front rank of life assurance for 100 years.

Refuge Assurance Company.—J. M. (Leeds).—You should apply at the head office, where they will tell you the precise sum they will give for your policy.

Law Union and Rock Insurance Company.—Valpo (Valparaiso).—You have not the slightest cause for anxiety. The amalgamation to which you refer in no way lessens your security, and the person who told you that the combined offices are not solvent made a statement as ridiculous as it was venomous.

Payment of Claim.—J. B. L. (New York).—We are afraid you must look upon your claim as bad, the Company being in liquidation. Thank you for your kindly reference to John Bull, and for your assistance in getting us new readers in the United States.

Validity of Insurance.—W. (S. Shields).—Unless you insured your father and mother for the purpose of funeral expenses, the insurance is not valid, although it may be paid upon death.

Law Integrity Insurance Co.—H. R. (London).—If the facts are as you state them, you could recover, but we strongly advise you to consult a solicitor before taking action.

Assignment of Policy.—Tobacco (Sheffield).—There would be no difficulty in doing so.

Insurance against Risk.—A. F. L. (Bristol).—We do not think it would be possible to effect the insurance you desire.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

THE BATTLE OF LIVERPOOL.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—ON STRIKE "OUT OF SYMPATHY"—A BATTLE ROYAL.—UNDER THE SHADOW OF NIGHT.

By Our Special Commissioner.

Yes; I have been on strike, and if I did not know what I was on strike for, I, at any rate, was no worse off than thousands of others in the motley crowd of rioters which fill the streets of Liverpool to-day. Vivid, kaleidoscopic pictures are in my mind of the happenings of the last twenty-six hours of strenuous struggle; but to my story.

First Impressions.

On arriving in Liverpool, the first thing that met my eyes was the following text, chalked along the walls of the railway station:—"The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the L. & Y. is 17s. per week." The half-deserted station, the usually busy streets empty of goods traffic, the abundance of police scattered about, and detachments of cavalry riding to and fro carrying rifles, are eloquent testimony that the city is passing through a crisis.

I know my Liverpool, and am aware of the fact that in the leading thoroughfares there is not much to see of the kind I have come to witness; so after a change of costume I sally forth, for the time being a labourer out on strike, and after a short walk get to the parts where I know I shall, ere long, be in the thick of it. I have not made a mistake.

Burly dock-labourers, with suspiciously bulging pockets, are lounging against the wall of a chapel, talking in hoarse accents of their wrongs. Frowsy women, their eyes bloodshot, their dress anyhow, are mixing with them, and adding by their invectives to an anger that is only seeking some outlet, legitimate or otherwise. Quite half of them actually do not know what the strike is about. They are striking "out of sympafy" with somebody or other, but they are all banded together in one brotherhood, these men, women, hooligans and children, against their common enemy, law and order. Their only text at present is—"Here's a policeman, let's throw something at him." It is a good text for them, a text that has been inculcated in them from their early childhood and is now bearing fruit. What do they care who goes to the wall in the struggle? The sullen hang-dog look has taken on a viciousness that has been only vencered over by a rough education, and bodes ill when the opportunity comes.

A Battle Royal.

An innocent-looking baker's cart gives the first chance. Coming along the street, the driver is met with the cry of, "Give us a loaf; give us bread!" In a weak moment, in a panic, he hands out to those nearest a loaf or two. In an instant the mischief is done. Here is something to go at, here is something for nothing—in a moment the van is surrounded by men and women, with eagerly extended arms, tipped with grimy hands. The bread does not come out quickly enough; two or three of the mob mount the steps of the van and in a trice it is emptied and a snarling, struggling crowd is fighting for the spoils. "Look out, here comes the police," and as the guardians of the peace come up at a trot, a volley of stones meet them. In a trice batons are drawn, and then—pandemonium. Crash go two large plate-glass windows. The falling glass acts as a bugle call. The side streets vomit forth a torrent of humanity, who hurl themselves into the fray, bringing with them missiles of every description. One virago brandishes a pair of fire-tongs, and, half stripped, her tattered garments adding to her terrorising appearance, she plunges forward to the front, shrieking curses as she goes. She is struck down by a policeman's baton, and drops in the road, while over and around her surges the crowd. Slowly the police are driven back, and the momentary success only inflames the mob more. But it does not last, for reinforcements are coming up the road, and a living barrier of police throw themselves at the crowd and bear them back a little. So, to and fro, the fight rages, and I seize an opportunity to get to the front. "I got fined five shillings and costs last week," shouts a man beside me, "take that, you——!"—and a piece of plate glass, as large as a saucer, whizzes into the ranks of the police, knocking off a helmet. Another six inches, and the officer would have lost half his face. I dodge in among the police and say, "Let me get through, I am an ambulance man," and a policeman seizes me by the neckerchief and drags me through the ranks to the other side. Here at least I am on the side of law and order, but exposed to the merciless fusilade of the rioters. Their favourite missiles seem to be empty bottles, but in some cases they have filled them with water to add weight, and they burst like shells when they drop. From the windows and roofs of the surrounding houses come volleys of stones and broken glass. A little lower down, the injured are being roughly tended by a few sympathisers, and I am soon busy assisting in rough-and-ready bandaging. The place is a shambles. At last come the troops. The khaki column comes up with a swing. The crowd greet them with a howl of derision, but they know that these men have not come for nothing. A mounted magistrate reads the Riot Act; it is impossible to hear him, but his action can be seen and serves the purpose. Those khaki lines carry eighty rounds of ball cartridge per man, and are now licensed to use it. Against that the crowd are powerless; it is daylight, and the troops cannot miss. Perhaps later, when it is dark, the strikers' chance will come, but for the present the fight is over, and the mob roll sullenly back whence they came.

Under the Shadow of Night.

After dark, the scenes are repeated all over the district. The ambulance carriages are in great request, but even they do not escape scatheless. Volleys of stones meet them from both sides, for is it not likely that they carry an enemy as well as a friend? I get into a shelter and try and snatch a little rest, but it is impossible. Every now and again comes the racket of breaking glass. Shop fronts are smashed in and the contents thrown out on to the pavement—there is a wild swirl of humanity, and that tradesman's stock has disappeared. Over the houses in one direction is the glare of an incendiary fire, with its column of smoke going straight up in the sky. It only wants the gaunt figure of the guillotine to show above the heads in yonder square to get a rough idea of what the French Revolution was like.

All at once a fusilade of shots ring out. There go some of those eighty rounds. Where from? Who can tell? Perhaps in the next street, perhaps farther, but not here; so nobody seems to care.

And so the night passes. Turmoil and ruin, bloodshed and strife, wrecking and robbery. Only the other day I heard a Parliamentary candidate say that the working men were better off in England than in half-a-dozen other countries he quoted. Then God help the others! Where is that orator now? Why is he not here fighting the battles of the working men he held up as a pattern. No fear; politics are all very well from a platform, but this is a different matter. The politician who at the last Election persuaded us that trade was good, and quoted blue-books in support of what he said, where is *he* now? If, as he said, trade and wages are so flourishing here, why all this pother? Let him answer if he can, and let him come to Liverpool now and try and tell these men his paltry tale. Not he. His work is done, he has "got in," and is now comfortable in his seat, awaiting the instructions of his Party Whip as to which way he must vote on some Bill or other that does not interest him, while the authorities are left to fight the battle of the streets. Well, it cannot last for ever.

THE MODERN BIOSCOPE SCHOOL.

COMPLAINTS OF NON-FULFILMENT OF PROMISES.

We have received complaints from certain young men who answered an advertisement in the daily papers, and who paid two guineas for a course of instruction at these schools. The advertisement in question runs as follows:—

> Men wanted to learn Bioscope operating; fee two guineas; no extras; we find you situations—American Bioscope School, 257, High Holborn.

It will be noticed that the advertisers promise to find situations for those who go through the course of instruction they offer.

Our correspondents complain that they have had no real instruction. They are given type-written sheets to copy in copy-books, that is all, and they are neither able by the instruction offered to become proficient as bioscope operators, nor are they found situations. We thought it right to refer the complaints to the management of the schools, for any reply they might wish to make, but we have heard nothing from them.

OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT SCHEME.

A NOVEL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF "JOHN BULL" READERS.

We have inaugurated a scheme which will enable any of our readers to enjoy first-class entertainments during their seaside holidays at considerably reduced prices, and in many cases **HALF PRICE**, *during July, August, and September.*

By arrangement with the Proprietors of the entertainments mentioned below, any reader on presentation of the coupon to be found at the foot of the tablet on Page 1 *of the cover may obtain admission at half price (or at the reduced price), to the performances as set forth below.*

Coupons from our "companion" journal, "Mrs. Bull," will also be accepted.

Such arrangements have never been made before by any journal, and we are confident that those of our readers, either residents or on holiday in the towns mentioned, will not hesitate to avail themselves of these opportunities to the full.

ARBROATH.—*Will Irvin's "Merry Magnets," Cannon Common.* Alfresco Promenade Concerts. Half price to all seats at afternoon performances.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—*Bijou Theatre, Town Hall Square.* Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at Matinees, except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Coronet Entertainers, The Lawn, Marina. Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at all morning performances except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

BLACKPOOL.—*Tivoli Electric Theatre (opposite North Pier).* Half price to 1/6, 1/- and 6d. seats.

Big Wheel or Jolly Wheel. Specially reduced admission, 2d.

BOGNOR.—*The Pier Picture Theatre.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats (special nights excepted).

BOURNEMOUTH.—*West's Pictures, Shaftesbury Hall.* Half price to all seats.

BRIDLINGTON.—*The New Spa, Gardens and Opera House.* 6d. Day Tickets issued at Half price.

BRIGHTON.—*Grand Concert Hall Picture Palace, West Street.* Admission to 9d. seats 4d.; 6d. seats 3d.; 3d. seats 2d. (except on Bank Holiday).

BROADSTAIRS.—*Bohemia.* Half price to all seats at 6.30 performances.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.—*Operetta House.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats; 9d. seats 4d., except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

DEAL.—*Collins' Royal Animated Pictures, Marina Hall.* 6d. seats 4d.; 3d. seats 2d. at all Matinees and on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

DOUGLAS.—*Charles Dare's Minstrels, on Douglas Head.* Special free seats to all performances. Daily 11 and 3. (Wet days in the *Empire Theatre.* Coupon holders half price to 1/- and 6d. seats.)

Empire Theatre. Twice nightly. Half price to 1/- seats only.

DOVER.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Wellington Hall, Snargate Street.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, 3d. seats 2d. (except on Weds. and Sats.).

DOVERCOURT.—*Victoria Hall and Gardens.* Mr. Chas. D. Wright's Stars of Eve Concert Party. Half price admission (excepting Costume Nights and Bank Holiday). Evenings at 8, Matinees Saturday at 3.

EASTBOURNE.—*Gallery of Illustration, Terminus Road.* Half price to 6d., 1/- and 1/6 seats at all performances, excepting Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

FILEY.—*Andie Caine's Entertainers, The Sands.* 3d. seats 2d. at morning performances. Also at the Pavilion at the evening performances 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—*The Gem Picture Palace (opposite the Jetty).* 9d. seats 6d., 6d. seats 4d. to the morning performances.

HASTINGS.—*Pelham Hall Electric Theatre, Pelham Place.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. 3d. seats 2d.

HERNE BAY.—Messrs. Rouse, Way and Wilson. *Central Hall and Avenue Gardens, Pier Avenue.* Half price to all matinees.

ILFRACOMBE.—*Gaiety Concert Hall, Promenade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats at matinees. 1/6 seats 1/- on Monday evenings only.

JERSEY.—*West's Pictures, Royal Hall.* Half price to all seats.

LITTLEHAMPTON.—*Harry Joseph's Arcadia.* Half price to all seats (except on Wednesdays and Bank Holiday).

LLANDUDNO.—*Arthur Sutcliffe's Entertainers. Pier Head Pavilion.* Half price to afternoon performances.

MARGATE.—*Parade Cinema (opposite the Pier).* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, afternoon performances, and half-price 1/- seats, evening performances only.

MOFFAT.—*Will Knott's Entertainers, Baths Lawn.* Half price to Afternoon Concerts.

PAIGNTON.—*Pavilion on the Green.* Fred Spencer's Entertainment. Reduced prices to afternoon performances. 6d. seats 4d.; 3d. seats 2d.; Half price to promenade.

RAMSGATE.—*Royal Victoria Pavilion and Theatre.* Promenade Concerts 11 to 1 and 3 to 5. Picture Shows 3 to 5, and Sunday concerts between 8.15 p.m. and 9.45 p.m. Half price to all seats except those at 2d.

RHYL.—*Olympian Gardens and Al-fresco Pavilion, High Street.* Complete change of company weekly. 1/- seats 9d., 6d. seats 4d. at all Matinees and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Afternoon teas served free.

ROTHESAY.—*The Palace.* Stuart Debnam and his Jesters. Half price to 6d. seats at all Matinees and half price to 1/- seats to evening performances every Wednesday ("John Bull" evening).

RYDE.—*Theatre Royal.* Half price to all performances except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday

SALTBURN.—*Electric Theatre.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

SANDGATE.—*Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.* Half price to performances on Thursdays and Fridays.

SCARBOROUGH.—*The Olympia Picture Palace, Foreshore Road.* Half-price to all seats (except on Sundays).

SHANKLIN.—*The Favourites. Miller's Green Esplanade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. Day performances only and Children's Competitions.

SOUTHEND.—*The Happy Valley.* Lyell Johnston's Jovial Cards. Half price to afternoon performances.

SOUTHPORT.—*Pierhead.* Bert Byrne's Pierrots. Half price to 6d. seats (except Mondays and Saturdays;

TEIGNMOUTH.—The Bohemians. *Esplanade Pavilion.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d., matinees only.

TENBY.—*The Blue Myths, Coronation Gardens.* 1s. seats, 9d.; 6d. seats, 4d. Special nights excepted. Also (after July 31st) 6.30 performances will be added. Half price to 1s. and 6d. seats.

VENTNOR.—*Electric Palace, High Street.* Half price to 1/- reserved seats and 6d. centre seats.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—*Town Hall.* Admission to all entertainments at half price.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Victoria Hall, Boulevard.* Half price to 6d. seats; 3d. seats 2d. (except on Thursdays and Saturdays).

WHITBY.—*The Spa.* 6d. day tickets at half price.

WHITLEY BAY.—Charles Elderton's Entertainers, *Summer Gardens.* Half price admission except on Fridays and Bank Holiday.

WORTHING.—*The Kursaal, Promenade.* Comedy Comets. Entertainments in the Gardens at 3 and 8. 9d. seats, 6d; 6d. seats, 3d.; to Afternoon performances only. Animated Pictures in the Kursaal (up to 8 p.m.) 1/- seats, 6d.; 6d. seats, 3d.

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

THE POPE.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By X.

The serious illness of the Pope is already causing a vast number of intrigues as to his successor. It might be thought that, having lost its dominions, possessing no longer an army, with spiritual terrors at a discount, the Papacy only deserves to be regarded as a quaint and interesting survival. But the Pope still has to be reckoned with quite seriously in international affairs, and wields an enormous underground influence all over the world. It may, therefore, be interesting to examine his personality and compare it with that of his predecessor.

Leo XIII. was a scholar and a gentleman, and was regarded as one of the most subtle diplomats in Europe. At the time of his appointment no one expected him to live long, but he surprised everybody by occupying the Chair of St. Peter for twenty-six years. He took matters very seriously and watched all the under-currents of foreign affairs with the minutest care. He was a man of the world, and in his heart of hearts probably regarded many of the Papal doctrines mainly as symbols for the expression of his high authority.

Pius X., on the other hand, has always retained the simplicity of his peasant origin. Personally very humble, he places no bounds to his belief in the omnipotence of his office. Unlike his predecessor, he abhors ceremony and expects people to sit down in his presence. But in matters of State he studies no diplomacy, he listens to no advice, simply acts according to the dictates of his momentary inspiration, which he regards as divine. The result is that no one can make him budge an inch once he has made up his mind.

The contrast between the two Popes is illustrated by their attitude towards prospective visits of French Presidents. Cardinal Rampolla, Leo XIII.'s Secretary of State, told someone that if the President came to Rome without visiting His Holiness the Pope would probably die of disappointment. Later on, when a President did come, Pius X. did not seem aware of the fact. Again, when the German Emperor came to see Leo XIII., we had descriptions of fantastic preparations for his reception. Hours were spent in deciding what rings he should wear, what kind of lace handkerchief he should hold in his hand, which of his many precious snuff-boxes should be brought out. Pius X. has never worn more than one ring, and that is the symbol of his office. The simplicity of his life would astonish a peasant farmer, and his attitude towards Society has always been one of profound indifference. It is related how, when Patriarch of Venice, he was persuaded to attend a lunch at the house of a princess who was famous for her good works. The conversation turned on literature, but he took no part in it. After lunch somebody asked him what he thought about the points which had been raised, whereupon he replied that he had not listened to a single word, being engaged in telling his beads all the time.

Leo XIII. had looked forward all his life to becoming Pope. Pius X., if he ever thought of the remote possibility, hated the idea. When he left Venice for the Conclave, he took a return ticket as a matter of course. When there were rumours of his possible election, his sisters offered up special prayers that he might be saved from the burthen of the high office. All through his pontificate he has considered himself to be performing a very stern duty.

His election was due to the fact that he had received the King of Italy at Venice when Patriarch, and the Italian Government, desiring a more friendly Pope, persuaded the Austrian Government to co-operate. Who will be his successor no one seems to have the faintest idea. However, let us hope he may not die yet awhile.

EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

With reference to our remarks last week respecting this exhibition, our attention has been called to various misstatements of fact on the part of our contributor. We are making further inquiries into the subject, to which we will return next week.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

DECISION OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

It will be remembered that on May 23rd, Mr. Bottomley again pressed the President of the Board of Trade on the subject of a Public Enquiry into the affairs of this Society—when, in view of the facts revealed in the course of the recent libel action of Ronald *v.* John Bull, Mr. Buxton promised to place a further case before the Law Officers. Mr. Bottomley has now received the following letter from the Comptroller of the Companies Department of the Board :—

> Sir,—I am directed by the Board of Trade to refer to the question which you asked the President of the Board of Trade in the House of Commons on May 23rd last relating to the affairs of the Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Society, Limited, and to say that, in accordance with the promise given on that occasion by the President, a further Case to Advise was laid before the Law Officers of the Crown, and the volume of evidence given in the action of Ronald *v.* John Bull was laid before them with the Case to Advise.
>
> I am to say that the Opinion of the Law Officers has now been received. They again point out that the Court has no jurisdiction, under section 137 (2) of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, to make a Winding-up Order on the application of the Official Receiver unless the Court is "satisfied" that the existing winding-up subject to the supervision of the Court "cannot be continued with due regard to the interests of the creditors or contributories," and state that in their opinion the information elicited in the course of the trial of the action of Ronald *v.* John Bull Limited affords no presumption at all sufficient to satisfy the Court that the interests of the creditors are being prejudiced by the continuance of the present winding-up; and they further state that it is in their view almost, if not quite, irrelevant to this question. The Law Officers accordingly advise that any application by the Official Receiver would fail.
>
> I am to return to you the volume of evidence which you were good enough to lend.
>
> I am, Sir,
> Your obedient Servant,
> G. S. Barnes.

WEST AFRICAN NIGGERS.

SOME UNDESIRABLE CORRESPONDENTS.

There seems to be quite an epidemic of correspondence from the Gold Coast. The latest has been sent to us by a lady whose name was published as winning a prize in a ladies' paper. A gentleman named J. D. W. Kuglie wrote to her from an address at Cape Coast Castle, saying, quite probably, that he was reading "a certain paper," and "I came across your name. And I am very glad to keep up a very nice correspondence with you. And I should like to know your age. I will tell you mine as soon as I know yours." Why there should be any special attraction about hearing the age of an unknown nigger on the West Coast of Africa does not appear, but the offer is evidently looked upon as an attractive one, for it leads up to a request for "newspapers, postcards, and your photo," in return for which comes the undertaking, "I will send you fine things with the next letter. I cannot correspond with anyone. Only you I will correspond. I am a good boy, and I have won many prizes, and also I have been ten years at school, not being absent or even late a single time. I think this is all I have to for present."

One of our readers who took up an invitation of this kind carried on a correspondence for quite a long time. This led to the transmission of postal orders for small sums, with the request for the purchase of goods. These were duly complied with for a long period. Then the requests were unaccompanied by remittances, but money was punctually forwarded on receipt of goods. At last a serious commission for an £8 cycle was received, and before there was time to decide the question of confidence another letter came asking for a rifle. So evidently the communicative ambitions of niggers are not so entirely disinterested as people with missionary proclivities in this country may imagine at first sight.

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200	0	0	...	...	4	10	0
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1,000	0	0	...	...	22	10	0
2,000	0	0	...	...	45	0	0

or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

Any article we sell may be obtained on our well-known Gradual Payment System, the payments extending over one, two or three years at the option of the purchaser, and we particularly wish to point out that no deposit is required and no interest is added

COUNTRY ORDERS PACKED AND DELIVERED FREE.

In order th al Customers can make a personal selection, we their fares to Town on all orders :o and upwards.

THE NEW NOBILITY.

By "Retlaw."

It is rumoured that the creation of a new rank or order of nobility is in contemplation.

Although coming under the general heading of Peers, members of the new order will lack certain of the legislative powers and social privileges which are the recognised right of the existing peerage.

The new creation will be restricted to 500 members, but may be fewer, as may seem expedient to the authorities responsible for their selection.

They will be known as Peerrots, and there will be no restrictions as to their geographical distribution.

Members of the new nobility will be styled

The Honourable Peerrot of——

They will be addressed as,

My Lord Puppet.

The eldest sons of Peerrots will take, by courtesy, the title of

The Honourable Pup——

The younger sons will be let off with no distinctive title; but the daughters of Peerrots will be styled

The Honourable Pet——

which in many cases, we have no doubt, will be well deserved.

The oath of fealty to the Sovereign will include a clause pledging the new nobles to support the Liberal Party by their votes in the House of Lords, and by their influence in the country, in each and every conceivable circumstance. Failure to observe this clause of the oath will be followed by the instant extinction of the patent of nobility, and consequent expulsion from the House of Lords.

As regards precedence, Peerrots will take rank immediately after Barons, and immediately before Baronets. It is therefore confidently expected that the first batch will be largely recruited from the Baronetage, mainly in the person of members of that order who would otherwise look in vain for a further step up the ladder of nobility.

The question of the hereditary transmission of the title was considered, but decided against, for the reason that the somewhat peculiar circumstances of its creation, being a trifle sordid in character, might prove more of a reproach than an honour to the Peerrot's descendants.

The coronet will be in the shape of a leather dog collar, studded with brass nails, and surmounted with a muzzle in gold wire, set with such gems as the wearer's taste and pocket may permit.

The Peerrots' robes will be distinguished by the use of swallows' tails in place of the tails of the ermine—another pretty little piece of symbolism.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

Next winter's rather far ahead,
But Pity never shirks
The duty to provide in time
For starving out-of-works.

Their case should be considered now,
And an official *mem.*
Must be on record as to what
We're going to do for them.

Trade may be good or bad; of course,
Prognosticate we can't,
But, just to make things certain, we
Will cut off half their grant.

Two hundred thousand pounds we used
To give as winter doles;
This year we'll filch a moiety
From shiv'ring, workless souls.

They have been pampered in the past;
We must retrench, that's flat;
Let's give half what they used to have,
They must put up with that.

The reason why we dock the grant
To those poor, helpless elves?
We can't spare them the money now—
We need it for ourselves.

R. M.

THE LETTERS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWNE.

Dear John,—Hasn't there been a lot of fuss about sending a kitchener to Egypt? I suggested to Mr. Browne that perhaps it was for the porpoise of grilling the Pyramids of Cheops, which I have heard tell about. But Mr. Browne said no, it was with the idea of cooking the Egyptian Nationalists' goose.

Skinning over the newspapers the other day, I noticed that a friend of Mr. Lloyd George's named Insurance Bill (what is his surname I have no idea) is trying to defraud the Hospitals. It makes one burn with indication to see how those splendid restitutions, upheld as they are by volunteery tribulations, are abused by unscrofulous people.

How thankful we ought to be that the danger of a context between England and Germany, which at one time seemed so eminent, has now passed away. What a pity it is that two great powers should quarrel about a simple piece of Morocco. It is all very well to say there is nothing like leather, but when it comes to fighting about it I think a line should be drawn. For my own part I prefer Russia. Mr. Malaprop-Browne says he plumps for calf.

What weather we have been having of late! During the recent spell of indents heat I several times was on the point of claps. Mr. Malaprop-Browne, who is something of a full-officer, stood it very well. What is the use of crumbling, he would say, when we know very well what is in store for us? I suppose he means we shall have it still hotter next year. But I demonstrated with him, reminding him of the many sad and sodden deaths that have occurred through the high temperature. Mr. Malaprop-Browne is a gentleman who will have his joke.

"Sodden deaths is right, my dear," he said, "for there were more killed by the drink than the 'eat, take my word for it."

Now that the Long Vocation has begun, Mr. Browne thinks we might start on our summer holiday. I think we shall go first to Cowes, there being such a shortage of milk in London just now.—Yours very severely,

Matilda Malaprop-Browne.

For Holiday time and for any time——the faultless Handkerchief for Men.

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Faultless. Fashionable. Durable.

Whatever your fancy in colour or pattern, "Pyramids" give you a choice of designs unexampled in beauty and tastefulness. The neatest of stripes in all-White and in *woven* colours that *will not wash out.*

6½d. EACH.

SIX FREE. Six Pyramids free for every one that loses its colour in the wash.

SIX FOR 3/3

The nearest Outfitter will supply you. If any difficulty, write to:
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132 Cheapside, London, E.C.

Sample Pyramids 6½d. post free.

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STRIKE STRUCK.

BY "RETLAW."

The success that attended the recent strike of London transport workers has stimulated other bodies of wage-earners to adopt similar measures for the redress of their real or imaginary grievances. Indeed, if we may credit the surprising information we have received through a secret source, the movement is assuming alarming proportions.

In our opinion, what promises to be the most startling development of the present remarkable situation is the threatened

STRIKE OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

of which we have just had private notice. A Parliamentary Strike Committee has been formed consisting of the following well-known gentlemen:—Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., Chairman; Mr. William Clough, M.P., and Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P.

At a committee meeting last night a Manifesto was drafted setting forth the grievances and embodying the minimum demands of the disaffected Members. We append a copy of this document, the significance of which will be appreciated by future historians, if scorned by the chronicler of to-day:—

THE SWEATED M.P.!

LESS WORK AND MORE WAGES!!

Fellow Citizens of No Mean City:

To-day, when various sections of industrial society are clamouring for their indefeasible rights—and seeing to it that they get them!—it is time for overworked and underpaid Members of Parliament to join in the scramble for more dibs and better conditions of labour.

The House of Commons has long been looked upon by the uninstructed and ill-informed as the finest club in the world. Now is the time to nail that lie to the counter! The House of Commons is a SWEATING DEN, under the arbitrary rule of a parcel of upstart Party Whips. We must alter that!

The chosen representatives of the People are often kept hard at work shouting at one another and trying to catch the Speaker's eye until late at night, and sometimes right into the small hours of the morning, and receive no extra pay for working overtime. We must alter THAT!!

The chosen representatives of the People often vote Estimates amounting to fifty or sixty millions of money in the course of an hour, and are paid only £400 a year for doing it. We MUST alter THAT!!!

Peaceful representations having failed, it is time to adopt drastic and determined measures for the redress of our grievances. We, therefore, confidently appeal to all Members of Parliament to loyally obey the orders of the Strike Committee, and to cease work until our legitimate demands, tabulated below, are agreed to.

(1) That Members of Parliament shall be permitted to choose their own gangers, commonly called "Whips."

(2) That work shall commence at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and finish at 6 o'clock, with an interval of one hour for tea on the Terrace.

(3) That sittings extended beyond 6 o'clock (including committee work) shall be considered overtime, and paid for at the rate of ONE GUINEA per hour.

(4) That, seeing that £400 a year is, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's own confession, the wage of a Junior Clerk in the Civil Service, and, moreover, that it is, on the face of it, a tacit insult to Members of Parliament to pay them so small a salary, Members of Parliament demand an immediate advance of £100 a year, free of income tax.

The Parliamentary Strike Committee trust that the strike will be conducted in a peaceful and seemly fashion by all concerned, and that collisions with the police will be studiously avoided, as the force are pretty certain to get the best of it.

(Signed) GEORGE LANSBURY, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM CLOUGH.
LAURENCE GINNELL.

There is nothing underhand about the preparation of

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry Ginger Ale*

Many firms buy syrups and essences—add water — aerate it — and call it "ginger ale."

The third generation of Ross's, like the first, buy their own raw materials, extract their own essences and make their own syrups, and use the famous Ross Belfast Artesian well water.

That's why "Ross" is so pure; its flavour unique; why "Ross" aids digestion and is *the* drink to have at lunch, dinner or supper.

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TYPES OF THE TIMES.

By J. Price Holland.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

A sudden pain in the region of the back, or a series of stabs in the vicinity of the shin, are the surest indication of an enthusiast's presence. The weapon varies according to time and place. Often it is the point of an umbrella; frequently it is the toe of a boot; sometimes it is merely a fist, huge and repulsive in aspect, smiting where it has no cause for smiting, and dislodging the hats of unsuspicious persons. But whatever means are utilised, the immensity of the assault is always a distinguishing feature, for as Emerson has written, "Nothing *great* was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Curiously enough—and I am astonished that the Suffragettes have never used this point—enthusiasm was invented by woman. True, with the passing of centuries, it has become a decidedly masculine attribute, but the great fact remains that of all enthusiasts, Eve was the first.

She was a horticultural enthusiast. She discovered that famous apple which proved such an upsetting influence. She allowed her enthusiasm to get the better of her discretion, with the well-known result that she disorganised everything and everyone about her. Eve was a typical enthusiast!

But how are we to recognise her descendants? Is the enthusiastic temperament physically obvious? This, my inquisitive friend, is purely a question of degree. Enthusiasm is nothing more or less than a disease. It may be transient or permanent, genuine or hypocritical, active or passive, reasonable or hopelessly rampant.

In its transient form, it is comparatively harmless. Its victim is scarcely an enthusiast. He may be slightly affected in various ways. Imagine him a literary man. Presume that an idea strikes him. "A—ha!" he exclaims, "happy thought; I'll write a novel!" The accomplishment of the first chapter reduces him to a pulp. His enthusiasm dies, and by the end of the week he has forgotten his idea.

Now, the permanent enthusiast is a vastly different person. He is practically incurable. He devotes his life, and as much of his money as the rates will allow him, to a frantic indulgence in some preposterous hobby. He will keep bees, cultivate orchids, collect stamps, or attempt the Channel. He will think of marriage as a mere means of securing him assistance in his pastime. He will propose under that delusion. His offer rejected, he will remain single, and in all probability become an enthusiast in the cause of celibacy.

It is painfully obvious, however, that bachelor-enthusiasm is more the result of circumstances than of the independent workings of his temperament.

Beware, then, of the enthusiasm that is unreal! Think nothing of the elaborate eulogy, pleasant to hear but hard to believe, that is spluttered upon your first oil-painting. The quantity in which praise is poured out counts for little. It is the vessel itself you must examine. See that you investigate beyond its bulky and impressive aspect. You may find that it lacks *depth*.

But to desert metaphor for analogy, enthusiasm is, in one respect, like a verb. Its nature may be active or passive. the passive enthusiast is a reasonable being. He seldom affects others, so I dismiss him with a caution.

The active species, in his worst and most complicated form, is the type which I have previously labelled "hopelessly rampant." He is the self-styled "patriot" who fondly imagines that by waving a flag and cheering at street corners he is doing his country service. To him, the glory of an event entirely depends upon the way it is celebrated. His enthusiasm can be turned on with a tap. Any moment is propitious. A football match, a political speech, a Territorial procession, a fascinating dogfight—each provides an outlet for his exuberance.

This is not all. He is infectious.

Ladies with titles, let alone husbands, swarm for enthusiasm's sake into the Government prisons, treading where anything but saints have trod.

Towns and nations, without any compunction, will smother a comedian in dollars. Cheques and banquets will be hurled down his throat with indigestible rapidity, for the sake of a passing enthusiasm.

Thus the world wags. No laws, no precepts, no bills, no measures will suppress, completely and for ever, the rampant enthusiast. There are thousands to-day who would have him as extinct as the Dodo, but his destiny is otherwise.

A Lady Clerk

Nervous Collapse, Fear, Insomnia—

Being *always* ready to work when required, Miss Date has won advancement and high favour by a self-reliance which she attributes *entirely* to the *nerve building* properties of Phosferine. Before employers had learned to appreciate her clever thoroughness, Miss Date was a martyr to the phantoms of nervous fear, afraid of herself, sleepless at night, conjuring up monstrous misfortunes, going hot and cold with the terror which lurked in every noise and movement, until at last she was prevailed upon to try Phosferine. Almost from the first dose the racked mind and body knew such peace and calm as revealed to the tortured girl the bright and happy life which new vitality made possible. In a few days Phosferine so effectively recreated her nerve forces that Miss Date slept healthily, was free from all nervous fears, and gaining new self-reliance, her natural efficiency became so apparent, that her advancement proceeds rapidly.

Lastingly Cured.

Miss G. Date, 180, Hydethorpe Road, Balham, S.W., writes:—"I have found Phosferine most beneficial for my nerves. I am naturally a nervous subject and a few weeks ago I got into a deplorable condition. It was terrible to be left alone even for a few minutes, and the dark possessed most unaccountable terrors. Any sudden noise, a ring at the door, a motor rushing by, or any of the sounds we are accustomed to hear every day would throw me into a paroxysm of fear. I went hot and cold at the least commotion, and when I went to bed lay awake for hours trembling with nervous dread. My mind persistently pictured misfortune and trouble, and when morning came I felt unrefreshed and totally unfit for my duties. The traffic worried me and I so completely lost all confidence that I became utterly miserable and dejected. I was persuaded to take Phosferine, and the improvement a few days' treatment made was marvellous. I kept on with it for about three weeks, and now feel bright and capable, can sleep well and am self-contained and fearless as a business girl need be."—*June 6, 1911.*

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and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

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Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Command:

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. The Empress of Russia
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H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Mary Anderson."

So the secret has jumped out of the bag at last, and it is the lovely Mary Anderson who has been induced by Robert Hichens to collaborate with him in dramatising his story "The Garden of Allah"!

It is a good many years now since this divinely beautiful Californian lady enraptured us at the Lyceum theatre with her vivid impersonations of some of Shakespeare's heroines—but who having had the privilege of seeing them could ever forget the impressions they created? Mary Anderson's "Juliet" for instance with handsome William Terriss—"Breezy Bill" as he was called by his friends—playing "Romeo" was about as perfect a picture of the two lovers as you could possibly wish to gaze upon. Educated in a convent, and by nature one of the most religious of women, it is no wonder then that Robert Hichens has flown to her to help him over the almost insurmountable difficulties which present themselves in the "Garden of Allah" as regards the Roman Catholic Faith. Retiring from the stage in the height of her fame, and marrying Antonio de Navarro, Mary Anderson, has never emerged from her retirement save in the cause of charity.

Never will the first sight of Madame de Navarro's quaint homestead in Broadway, Worcestershire, fade from my memory, nor will the delicious peep I had of Frank Millett's picturesque house—once but a remnant of an ancient monastery owned by the abbots of Pershore ever be forgotten. What man or woman having the honour to wander through Mrs. Millett's glorious old English garden would not at once realise that here Alma Tadema was inspired to show how "roses could be combined with love"; that under the great yew tree with its rounded bench Marcus Stone brought his lovers together, and that it was in this very place that Sargent painted?"

"A Painter's Dreamland" a poet has named this exquisite stretch of peaceful England, where Madame de Navarro has lived for over twenty years—preferring the soothing atmosphere of this golden plum laden country, whose quietude is only occasionally disturbed by a few motors, and market carts, to the applause and triumph she gained for herself on the stage. As a writer of sundry reminiscences Madame de Navarro's language is simplicity itself—and through all her works there is that unmistakable vein of purity, which can only spring from the mind of a truly religious being.

As I told you last week, an actor-manager had already been approached here in London for the part of Boris Androvsky, and the contract between Mr. Lewis Waller and Messrs. Liebler and Co. is now signed and sealed. As Mr. Hichens' character is so very complex, I should strongly advise Mr. Waller to seek a few hints from Father Bernard Vaughan, and get this magnificent orator and priest to give him a helping hand up the hill Waller is bound to find it hard to climb. I don't mean this as in any way derogatory to Lewis Waller's strength as an actor, but just as I would say to any other artist about to undertake an unusually strange task—"get an expert opinion before you set about it." In Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Waller will have the support of one of America's finest actresses, who was for a long while under Charles Frohman's management, and then joined Henry Miller's company, in which she played "lead" until two or three years ago, when Miss Anglin was offered a tremendous salary by J. C. Williamson to tour in Australia. I have seen Margaret Anglin in many plays, and in each one have thought her at her best. No actress can impress you more than that, can she?

Beerbohm Tree's "Macbeth."

It is an important fact that up to the present time, no theatrical effect has correctly expressed the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the great feast in Shakespeare's "Macbeth. Beerbohm Tree, however, tells us that he has solved the difficulty, and that at His Majesty's we shall all be realistically thrilled with the phantom of the murdered man. The time-old looking glass arrangements which reflected the vision of "Pepper's Ghost" would I should have thought been easily worked—in fact, I believe this was the way Irving first of all did make Banquo visible to his audience.

Summit 60
is the ideal
Collar for Holiday Wear.
It is low enough in front to give plenty of neck freedom; it is high enough at back to show above the Coat Collar. Made from Summit specially shrunk material, in Quarter sizes—4 sizes to every inch—from 14 to 18 in., it ensures you all round Collar satisfaction. Comfort—Appearance—Perfect Fit—permanent size.
Sample Collar 6½d. post free. 6 for 3/-
Address applications to 28, Nicholl Square, E.C.
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Four Shops: 5 SAINT MARY AXE
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L. & N.W.R.
THE BUSINESS & PLEASURE LINE

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS
FROM
EUSTON
DURING
August and September.

ON	TO	Fares from
Thursdays	BELFAST & NORTH OF IRELAND	24/-
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Tuesday, Aug. 22 ...	DUBLIN	27/-
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Saturdays to Sept. 2	EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW .. Daylight Express Dining Car Excursions.	27/-
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Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays	"A DAY IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY." Rail and Motor Tour to Kenilworth, Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon.	Inclusive fare 11/6

Week-End Tickets will be issued every Friday and Saturday to many Seaside and Inland Pleasure Resorts, and to a large number of stations in Scotland, available for the return journey on the following Sunday (Train Service permitting), Monday, or Tuesday.

For details as to Fares, Train Times, &c., and particulars of **Short Distance Excursions** from London, obtain Programme at any of the Company's Stations or Town Offices, or write to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

London, *August, 1911.* **FRANK REE**, *General Manager*

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Didn't Lord Lansdowne resign—himself?
Hadn't Winston better "scotch" that Irish berth?
Aren't there some Unionist "blackleg" Peers?
Hasn't this been quite a "striking" summer?
Isn't it a record "whine" year also?
Doesn't the new stamp "take a lot of licking"?
Isn't the policeman's "lot" rather a "little" just now?

"Kent hard pressed," we read. And yet the crease was left.

Piano keys can now be manufactured from milk. Quite a striking invention.

The most fashionable bathing costume is called the "wasp," but there is no "waste" about it.

The constable who was struck with a bottle of stout at Birkenhead says he didn't like the tap.

"There is nothing humorous about a woman's hat," says Mark Over. Especially if you are sitting behind it.

The coloured man who appeared as witness at Willesden Police Court in evening dress, probably wanted to show a bold front.

"A Straw Causes Death," says a headline. Evidently the last straw.

A pantechnicon caught fire at Cambridge Heath recently. It must have been a moving scene.

A lobster weighing 13½ lbs. is reported to have been caught at Walton. More than we can swallow.

"Orderly suspected of shooting an officer," we read. How dis-orderly.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, the novelist's wife, is going in for aviation. Her husband only deals in flights of imagination.

"The lavender system" is the description of the newest cookery fad. But some say "it ain't all lavender."

"Happiness can only be secured by health," says Sir W. H. Lever. And health only by cleanliness, so Use Someone's Soap, follows naturally.

The Physick Garden at Kew is suffering from a lack of water. We trust it will soon get "well."

"The Little Green Gate" sounds like a book which may be easily got through.

The man who went fishing for sovereigns in a public house, and got two months', now says it was "no catch."

"Killarney Lakes Sold," reads a headline. Someone has been "doing" them again.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, has been presented with a loving cup. Another empty honour.

Edgefield, South Carolina, wants an injunction against a curate whose prayers for rain were followed by a prolonged downpour. He must dry up.

A number of sharks have been seen off the coast of Holland, and by a singular coincidence, City men are now taking their holidays.

"Tramp Who Wanted Work," says a morning paper. He ought to be in a museum.

Sour Plum is a promising name for a racehorse. It would never "go down" easily.

Owing to a shortage of water, some Territorials in camp have been washing in tea. Tannin their faces, in fact.

"Wedding Ring Tragedy" is a heading in a morning paper. Nothing new.

They have smoking cars for women only on the Russian railways. But what woman wants to smoke if there are no men to see her?

Big Ben Tillett's strike certainly made a widespread boom.

"Political Delirium Tremens," a letter to the *Mail* is headed. The result of the Party spirit, of course.

Shipowners and others are *not* enjoying the grousing season.

"Soldiers in shirt sleeves," we read. But don't they all bear arms?

The Veto will come home to roost, we are told. A sort of Parliament Bill Bailey.

"Very few tramps commit murder," says a writer. But they are always killing Time.

Some gold snuff-boxes have been stolen in Knightsbridge. Probably the thieves consider they were made for pinching.

The *Shanghai Mercury* says: "There is a beautiful custom in Japan whereby the wife sits up all night fanning the brow of her husband." Here, when her husband has been in the sun, the wife makes a breeze during the small hours

SECURE £60 OR OTHER PRIZES.

It will COST YOU NOTHING

Simply write your name and address on a postcard, post it STAMPED ONE PENNY FOR FRANCE, and you will be qualified for the certain chance of winning

£60 and Other Prizes For Nothing.

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There is no LIABILITY or RISK

You cannot believe it? But IT IS SO. Nothing can be more bona fide than our offer, and you have only yourself to blame if you miss this opportunity. Remember this is a straightforward offer on our part. IT IS NOT A CATCH ADVERTISEMENT. What we say we do, we will carry out to the very letter. Immediately we receive your name and address we register the same free of all cost, and we carry out our promise, and we do not ask you for a penny piece. Yes, the Gift is entirely Free to you, and given without any obligation of any kind on your part. Can you afford to miss this wonderful opportunity? We think not. Here, at all events, you have a chance of securing something for nothing.

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And in addition to the above offer we will include our Prospectus, which describes a new system of investment for small and thrifty capitalists who can put by from 2/6 per week, with great opportunities and guaranteed increase of capital.

All You Have to do

is to send us a postcard (Penny Stamp for France), with your name and address on it, and we will carry out our promise.

DO NOT DELAY. POST TO-DAY.

If you feel any doubt, this PENNY POSTCARD will prove all we say to be true, genuine and straightforward. ADDRESS,

THE TRUST DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION (Dept. J.B.),
33, Rue le Peletier, PARIS.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of* GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (2 page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of PUTTING OUR READERS INTO COMMUNICATION WITH ONE ANOTHER. *If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.*

A. T. E. (Camberwell).—*Plant's* name perhaps supplies a clue to the nature of his business.

C. W. C. C. (Blackrock) says that, if we go to *King's Cross* on a Sunday morning, mix with a theatrical company and order a cup of tea at the *refreshment room*, we may not get tea, but we shall get an opportunity for grumbling. That sounds attractive, but it might make us late for church.

"A MINER" says that in the *collieries* of the S. Staffordshire district men have to work an excessive number of half-days.

H. AND E. (Spennymoor).—How do you propose to stop *money-lenders* from sending out *circulars?*

A. A. M. (London, W.).—No, you must not marry your *deceased brother's widow.* We cannot say why not.

W. McC. (Glasgow).—Sorry you are "*a wee bit with drink* at present." Cheer up, and you will be better presently.

A. V. (Wolverhampton).—Looking for *bargains* in the advertisements of popular Sunday papers must be disheartening work in the long run.

J. C. (Aberdeen).—We know nothing against the firms you mention, but we rather mistrust a *debt-recovery agency.*

W. Q. (Manchester).—We do not know what the small boy had been doing, so we cannot say if it was *brave of the police* to arrest him.

T. D. (Accrington).—We do not think you need be anxious about "*General*" *Booth's means of support* in the event of his retiring from his "Army." We believe some kind of balance-sheet is issued, but it would not satisfy a Business Government.

J. G. S. (Walsden).—We never encourage people to leave England until they have exhausted all possibilities at home. Even then we should hesitate about the *Gold Coast* in spite of its rich-sounding name.

"CHA KONG" (Bedford) says the *Chinese in the Straits Settlements* are neither a bugbear nor a necessary evil, but the backbone of the colony.

G. M. (London, E.) spent an hour at Aldgate Post Office, and missed two trains, trying to get a *trunk call to Brighton.* Then they refused to return his 8d.

W. C. (Featherstone).—What is the matter with the phrase "*almost exactly*"? It means much the same as "very nearly."

A. B. (Londonderry) answered an advertisement of the *Lancashire Commercial Agency* (Brazennose Street, Manchester) for a book-keeper for West Africa. His fare cost him 23s. and he paid a registration fee of 17s. 6d. This was 12 months ago, but he has heard no more.

A. N. H. (Strand) writes: "We must have *compulsory military service* if we are to be safe." Safe from what?

"NAUGHTY BOY."—The lines are *too old to be naughty.*

E. C. (Liverpool) says "*caucus*" is derived from a word meaning a cup. But it scarcely suggests conviviality, does it?

H. G. R. (Leominster) thinks it wrong for an Anglican bishop to give the *Sacrament* to Nonconformists. But the intention is probably good.

MRS. M. R. (Llandovery) was persuaded to buy trashy imitation jewellery from the *London Fine Art Co.*, 89, Cornwallis Road, London.

T. A. H. (Lambeth).— The *inaccuracy of fishermen* is only surpassed by that of expert witnesses. We forget the size of the last sturgeon we caught. If we told you, you would say it was a whopper.

D. W. (St. Martin's Lane) *complains of a bookmaker* that "he does not appear to pay when the backer *loses.*" Why should he? Is this an attempt to pull our leg in the hot weather?

A. McD. (Greenock) was *bar-steward on some pleasure-steamers.* He left a trap door open and there was an accident. The victim said his injuries were practically nothing and he promised not to complain; indeed he was almost overfriendly. But when he got home he sent in a claim to the company—which means that our correspondent has lost his job for "negligence." This seems very hard lines, but we do not see what he can do except try for something better. He states his case so well that he ought to get on.

S. E. B. (Sheffield).—If the *watch-firm* made *misrepresentations*, there is no contract.

"CERTIFICATED NURSE" (Nottingham) objects to the dismissal of an *ambulance driver* who went too fast. Of course the poor patients are not to be considered.

"EALING."—There have been many complaints about the *London and Suburban Philanthropical Association.* But you seem to have subscribed first and enquired afterwards.

W. W. (Eastbourne).—*Removal from the Army* automatically follows imprisonment.

(*Continued on page* 314.)

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As supplied to the House of Lords, House of Commons — the Treasury and other Government Offices. —

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces. Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age?

GUARANTEED AGES.	Packing Free. POST FREE. 3 Bottles.	Special terms for large orders. Carriage paid your railway station. 6 bottles.	12 bottles.
4 Years Old	9/6 ...	... 18/6	36/-
6 Years Old	11/- ...	... 21/6	42/-
10 Years Old	12/6 ...	... 24/6	48/-

The guaranteed age is given with every bottle.

Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance To-day, or cut it out and preserve it for future use. You run no risk—our guarantee keeps you safe.

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I enclose remittance value ..... for which please send me ..... of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest Whisky I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.

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OF ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

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163a, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

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—a phrase instantly connected with boots. Though actually not all boots are worthy the compliment. We, however are able to exemplify the extreme "wearability" of our Boots very convincingly—a Three Months' Insurance against wear.

The Boots are a line of specially manufactured Gentlemen's Lace Boots; in a variety of Leathers, and in every shape, width, and size. Price 12/9 a pair. Think of it! But here is a copy of the card issued with each pair:—

"Should the Soles wear through within three months from the date of purchase, we will have pleasure in re-soling them gratis. Should the leather of the Uppers break through within the same period of time, we will gladly give you a new pair without charge."

Selfridge & Co., Ltd.,
Oxford Street, London, W.

Captain W. F. D. (Whitehall) wants to know why *Blue-coat boys* are compelled to wear the same costumes summer and winter. He saw a number of them the other day, and they appeared to be suffering unduly from the heat, their gowns being made of exceptionally thick cloth, lined with a woollen mixture, and their breeches of equally thick corduroy, the whole being completed by the well-known yellow worsted stockings. This must certainly have been rather oppressive when the thermometer was registering 100° in the shade.

"Esculapius" is disappointed that we did not receive a knighthood at the Coronation, but consoles himself with the reflection that he will yet live to see our noble brow adorned with a coronet. He is disappointed also to find that one-third of the *House of Commons* are lawyers, while the number of *doctors* there does not reach double figures. No doubt a little political work would be useful for keeping them out of mischief.

"Constant Reader" wants the Factory Acts to apply to all offices. The head clerk where he is employed would have no *windows open* during the heat wave. Perhaps he wanted to keep the flies out.

I. W. L. (Settle).—Congratulations on winning a prize in the Tradesmen's Procession "with *our poster* on your novelty."

W. M. (Victoria Park).—Because some people like high game and noisy cheese, it does not follow that we can allow shop-keepers to sell *maggotty-bacon*. Nuisances are a question of degree.

S. H. (Bessbrook, Armagh).—What we have said, we have said. If we expose a firm, it is no use writing to ask our opinion over again, and it is foolish to scold us for taking no notice. We really have *no space for vain repetitions*.

T. D. V. (Birmingham).—Your sentiments are sound, but your *verses* are almost as rugged as Browning's. However, here goes:—

"When a poor man wishes to make a bet
Those who take his pence are law-branded;
When upstarts gamble in human lives
By the self-same law they're defended.
Oh! for a government to circumvent
This roguery, until it's ended."

F. S. S. (Mexico).—We had not heard of people being *paid to* line the route and *cheer at the Coronation*, but no doubt they know all about everything out there.

R. G. (Clapham Common).—Alas! we do not happen to know of an *honest patent-agent*. He may exist, but is *rara avis in terris nigroque similima cygno*.

E. A. B. (Bridgwater).—If true, it was cool of the mayor to *appropriate the public gardens* for his party, and encourage his guests to violate the regulations about keeping off the grass. Perhaps he thought himself entitled to be cool during the heat wave.

J. W. (*Victoria, B.C.*) writes:—"It is a great shame the Government is allowing the poor *immigrants* to be dumped into this country the way they are doing, as they know perfectly well that there is are too many men here now. They call this the white man's country, but I don't see where it is. I should call it Italy, China, as we here in Victoria are surrounded with nothing else. When the girls come here from home there is practically nothing for them." J. W. must have been neglecting his duty.

"Auditon" (Malta) says the *police* are very badly treated there. He knows some who have served twenty, thirty, and thirty-six years respectively being discharged *without a pension* at the age of sixty and obliged to take refuge in the workhouse. He says it is not true, as stated by one of our correspondents, that the Maltese constables can see their families only once in three days.

An Anonymous Correspondent writes:—"A contrivance for unpalatable drugs is not spelt *cachet*, but cachous." We thought *cachous* were pungent sweets used by heavy drinkers.

"Country Yokel" (Gravesend) sends us a strange advertisement of "*Homes of Hope*" (4, Regent Square, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.). The objects are "to afford domestic training to young women in danger of being led astray. Young women are also received for their confinement who are unfitted, from their previous good character and position, to mix with others." What others? Nor do we think that it can be easy to find young women ready to admit themselves in danger of being led astray. How far astray? We wonder whether anybody can give us information about these "Homes of Hope."

G. W. (Vancouver) says "the woman who shut her door to a traveller in a *blizzard* is an altogether exceptional specimen of her sex in Canada or anywhere else." Hurrah!

J. M. (Liverpool) writes *in defence of co-operative societies*, and says he does not object to paying a little more for his goods if he is fully convinced that they are produced under better conditions. That, of course, is one form of philanthropy.

W. N. (Montreal) writes:—"The English language is hardly ever spoken, and the *prices for food* are too funny for words: small Bass, 1s.; whisky, 15 cents." If food costs as much as that, we wonder what the charge for drinks would be, particularly as we are told that "the water is so bad it is dangerous to drink, and the workmen in the factories, rather than drink it, club together and buy filtered water."

"Paranoia" (Dublin) inquires about the *Calcutta St. Leger Sweepstake* tickets offered by Laurence Field and Co., 17, New Oxford Street, W.

"Barrister-at-Law."—What is the objection to a *nude picture* in a gallery where you have to pay 6d. to come in? If you do not like nude pictures you can stay away. We should stay away, because we consider most pictures a waste of time.

[*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*]

HARRY APPLETON

(The Man you all Know.)

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

Send for my Football Lists and Racing terms. Clients who have changed their address please notify me.

The Man of Name and Fame.

"Give 'er to me," said Albert George. With the skilfulness of a veteran he marched the newcomer up and down the room till the sobs died into whimperings, and presently a small face lay asleep against a ragged shoulder.

"She's the littlest we've ever had," said Albert George not unkindly, as he put her down.

"I hope to God she'll be the last," said the mother savagely, but her eyes were tender.

Albert George considered a moment, then, "Oh, well, I don't know," he conceded generously.

Extract from "Albert George," one of the stories in Miss Heilgers' delightful book.

TABLOID TALES

By

LOUISE HEILGERS.

With Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS.

THE ACADEMY SAYS:—

"This little volume places Miss Heilgers in the front rank of English short-story writers. These homœopathic doses deal cunningly with life in its multifarious phases, and display a remarkable knowledge of the complexity of human nature. Miss Heilgers does not mince her words; her language is always plain and to the point. Hence the pictures she draws of frail humanity are delineated with no uncertain hand, and appear vividly before the reader."

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JUNON Hair STAIN

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

In Eight Standard Shades:— Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

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JUNON Ltd., Marsham St., Westminster, S.W.

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Is your Pipe ALL you could wish?

Doesn't it sometimes burn your tongue? Doesn't it sometimes fill your mouth with ill-tasting moisture. The

"MASTA" PIPE

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Made of best selected briar.

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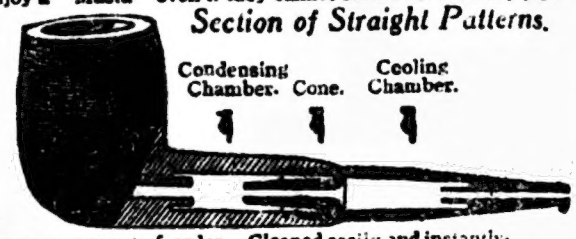
Section of Straight Patterns.



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MASTA PIPE CO. (Dept. 9) MILNER WORKS, BARNSBURY ST., N.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
[" *Double U. L.*" of Lotinga's Weekly *and* "*Maggie*" of The Globe.)

Medley.

At Newbury during flat racing all the fences are left standing, but have their wings removed. Even the water jump in front of the stand remains full.

There is no question but that nearly every owner and trainer does not like parting with winners, and that is why the auction sales surpluses are so outrageously large.

There are so few real stayers that an owner has a good asset in any animal who "gets" a distance. At times horses win over a long course because the others are worse than they are in that respect, or because it is a falsely run race.

It is really strange that just as the wide, straight courses are a bugbear to spectators as regards seeing, and to backers as regards the uncertainty of what will happen, so, too, do we see more swerving and boring.

Horses sometimes live up to their names, and little X was clearly an unknown quantity to the racing forces in Durban, for in his first race on that course my exportation won easily, starting unquoted in the betting, and paying 76 to 1 on the Totalisator.

Prophetic.

If Hendred has not already competed during the week, the little chestnut should win at last in the sprint handicap at Bath to-day (Thursday) while Dennery missed Lewes, after arrival, for the Bath Handicap. At Hurst Park the luckless Gala Tweed can hardly be second again in the August Handicap. The turn of Pherenicus may have come in the Earlsfield Welter, and Charis is clearly thrown into the sprint handicap. On Saturday whatever beats Iron Mask II. (and the greatest danger in whichever Hartigan runs) should win the Champion Sprint, and the Kosmos colt atone for Folkestone in the Maiden Plate.

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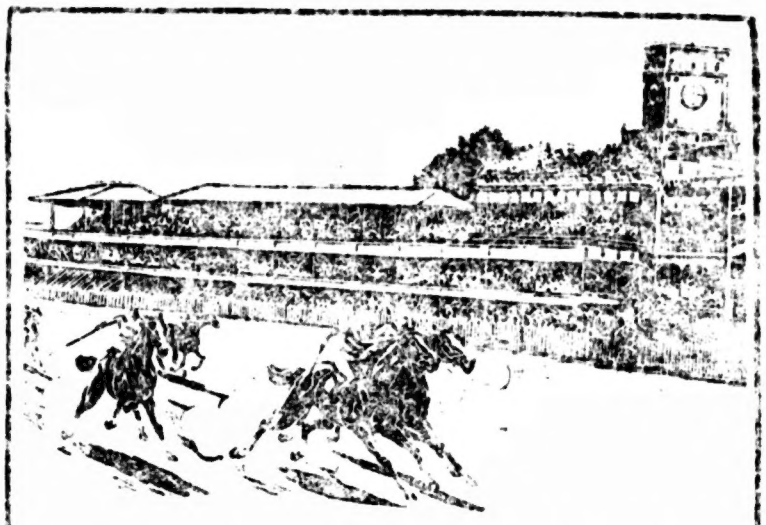

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